WITH THE TOURIST TIDE

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By

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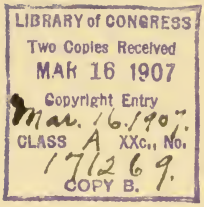

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TO
ARTHUR CLEVELAND, VANNOY CLEVELAND,
HARRY HARRIS, HENRY STANTON, FRANK TATUM,
LEWIS WALKER—
COMPANIONS OF A PLEASANT SUMMER.

"Forsan et haec olim meminisse juvabit."

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PREFACE

Not long since a small group of students in a Southern college began, under the guidance of one of their teachers, to prepare for a taste of "wander-years." And when the fireside travels had been taken and all preparation made, in due time they set out with staff and scrip—which in modern tourist parlance means Baedeker and circular notes—to see for themselves something of the wide, wide world. Those who will may follow them through the coming pages, as they drift with the tourist tide or pause in the eddies of the stream.

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CHAPTER I

BY THE WAY

It was a beautiful and beneficent custom that maintaining among the people of the German lands in the long ago—a custom which their descendants have not forgotten—that when a youth had served his apprenticeship he should have his "wander-years"; that before he assumed the cares and responsibilities of life he should take staff and scrip, and journey away with light heart and eager mind to explore the wonders of other lands, to drink in new sights, to observe new customs, to mingle with strange peoples, to discover for himself new worlds.

What an epoch it must have been in the life of a wanderer from the dreary plains of North Germany when he caught first sight of the mountains of Switzerland serrate upon the far horizon, or looked upon the sunny slopes of Italy stretching beneath cerulean skies, or mingled with the mobile people of a summer land. What wealth of memory he gathered as he journeyed at leisure from land to land. What revelations came to him as he touched a strange people on the wayside or in the hostelry or in the hospitable home. One has only to follow the youthful Louis Stevenson in his "Travels with a Donkey in the Cevennes," or walk with Victor Hugo "Along the Banks of the Rhine," or keep

John Ruskin company in his early excursions, to realize the possibilities of deliberate travel.

And when the "wander-years" were over, the youth returned to take his place among his people, bringing back memories to cheer the dull monotony of daily life, and inspirations to sustain him in the coming days of toil.

Such is the ideal of travel, and such are its richest rewards. 'Tis not the curios the traveler may bring back that constitute the value of travel, nor the exact information he may gather by the way, nor the strange stories of distant lands with which he may charm away the hours. The virtue of travel defies measure by rule of thumb. It is like nitrogen at the root of the plant, whose result is seen only in the greater harvest of autumn. It is a new window in the chamber of life through which the world is seen in larger prospect. To Goethe the "wander-years" in Italy meant a new birth; they marked a new era in his life.

Frequently the "wander-years" furnish the store from which the whole of after life draws sustenance. Such was the case with Charles Darwin. Looking forward at the age of twenty-two to his anticipated voyage around the world, he said with prophetic enthusiasm, "My second life shall then commence, and it shall be a birthday for the rest of my life." And how rich were those five years of wandering! No island of the sea was so barren but it had an interest for him; if nothing more, it yielded a few rocks and strange spiders for his col-

lection. Wherever the ship cast anchor by any shore, he studied the flora and fauna of the soil, the natives in their ways of life, the fossils that lay hidden in the earth or exposed along the face of "scarped cliff," finding in the past and present life of the land, as it lay there written in large curious letters, a book more absorbing and full of wonders than the finest romance. When the "wander-years" were over, he returned to his native land, and during all the rest of his life scarcely journeyed beyond the limits of a county.

The collections he brought back constitute a most valuable addition to natural history. But however valuable, they were not the chief result of his wanderings. That was the fertilizing effect which travel had on the mind of the traveler himself, and was only to be seen in the results of after years. Almost every one of the great scientist's works may be clearly traced to some suggestion out of the period of his travels. It was not so much that he had found priceless specimens, nor that he had returned with a larger knowledge of Chile and Patagonia and the Galapagos Islands, but that he settle down in his own country with a larger knowledge of the past and present life of the globe, with a deeper insight everywhere into the principles of that life, and with a greater power to interpret its manifold phases. He found in the suggestions of distant lands a key to the mysteries that lay thick about him at home. In the possession of that larger view, he found in the fields about the village of

Down an inexhaustible source of interest and instruction. And it was in Down, not in Chile, that he became the world's foremost scientist.

It is not that one's native heath is barren that one needs to browse in other fields. The most commonplace community is inexhaustible to him who has eyes to see and the power to read aright the stories that are hidden there. But, like Charles Darwin, the most of us need the shock of novelty to reveal the significance of things which all our lives we have been passing by with dull indifference. We travel abroad that we may learn more about home. It is well, therefore, for the man who would make the most of his life in any community to learn something of the world elsewhere before he settles there.

But he who would travel with profit must travel wisely. An English statesman has said that "If you would bring back the wealth of the Indies you must carry the wealth of the Indies out." It is noteworthy that the men who have reaped largest harvests from travel have been those who prepared themselves to profit by it. Darwin would have brought back nothing for himself or science if he had set out as a mere curio hunter. Study had made him ripe for the voyage around the world. Goethe had been preparing more or less consciously for his Italian journey since as a child he studied the pictures of Italy that hung in his father's home. It is said that before John Ruskin set foot upon Italian soil he knew more about the country than any native. And especially in these days of rapid

transit is preparation essential to wise travel. Mr. Gladstone has aptly said, "Once the traveler was bathed in Italy; now he is dashed with its spray." He who would see Europe in a single summer must be ready to receive and interpret impressions if he would not bring back from his wanderings weariness and confusion.

And in the very preparation there should come a keen delight. Next to real travel there is nothing more charming than to draw one's chair beside the study fire of a winter evening and while the wind blows cold about the corner, fly away on the magic blanket of imagination to some distant clime. On such an evening one might hie himself away to the Island City of Italy, and with the introduction of so accomplished a gentleman as Mr. Howells lose one's self in the whirl of "Venetian Life"; or with Mr. Hopkinson Smith as guide surrender one's self to the charm of "Gondola Days," gliding with him through the ins and outs of the quaint canals, or mingling with the kaleidoscopic throng of the Rialto, or joining the promenade of fashion as it circulates about the colonnades of St. Mark's when the lights are on.

And the journey might be continued down to Florence, the home of Dante and Giotto and Michael Angelo and Savonarola and a host of others whose deeds fill history's pages. There one might take his "Mornings in Florence" under the direction of John Ruskin, while that master led the way through the galleries of art and the triumphs of architecture

which lend fame to the Etruscan city. Or one might sit with Mrs. Oliphant for teacher and learn of those stirring times when the "Makers of Florence" held uncertain sway over the ancient city. Or again one might follow George Eliot's "Romola" through the turbulent tide of humanity that surged back and forth in those now so quiet streets in the long ago. And surely one could not turn back from Florence with the City of Seven Hills almost in sight. Hare, the veteran guide, stands always ready to take the fireside traveler on innumerable "Walks in Rome." And a dash of color might be added by having Hall Caine act as escort through "The Eternal City."

Such fireside travel every one must take who would bring back from real travel the richest cargo of culture. And such every one may take, with great profit to himself, whether or not the lines of his life ever lie across the great waters; for many have seen Venice who never touched the Italian shore, and many, alas! have never seen the magic city though they have ridden in its gondolas over and over again.

CHAPTER II

THE LOG OF A LANDLUBBER

There are, broadly speaking, two routes from America to Europe. And by America one means the United States, for the land of the Stars and Stripes seems to stand for the whole continent, not only in the eyes of the patriotic Yankee, but even in the mind of the European. He classes men of the New World as Mexicans, Canadians, Americans. And perhaps he is not so far from the mark, for as one stands upon the shores of the Old World and looks toward the sunset, there is one object which looms dominant upon the horizon, and that is the land over which Old Glory waves. Canada is just a piece of England wandered away from home, and Mexico is still the land of Maximilian in the eyes of Europe.

One of these routes veers north from Sandy Hook, passes by the Grand Banks of New Foundland, and follows the Gulf Stream across to the British Isles—a distance of some three thousand miles. This is the northern route and is the great thoroughfare between two continents—the Broadway of the ocean. For the traveler it has all the attractions afforded by the wonderful phenomena of the Gulf Stream; and all the detractions afforded by the fogs

and bleak weather which mark the northern course of this river in the ocean. The other route drops south after clearing the coast, and picking up the thirty-ninth parallel—the parallel of Washington City—follows it for two thousand miles to the Azores Islands, from where it dips gradually to the parallel of Norfolk, Va., and enters the Strait of Gibraltar. This route is to be preferred by the outgoing tourist, for several reasons. It is more pleasant, and the voyage is delightfully broken by the Azores. Moreover, by taking this route, and landing at Naples, the loop of Italy is avoided, and one can make the tour of the continent without having to retrace his steps at any point.

Just here it may be worth while to institute a few comparisons in the latitudes of Old and New World places, for geography lessons are often deficient on this score. Gibraltar, for instance, which is the extreme southern point of Europe, is about parallel with Norfolk. Naples is exactly opposite New York. Paris is a hundred miles farther north than Quebec. And London is opposite Labrador. Yet Naples is without winter, and Paris never sees sleighing. Perhaps some sprightly schoolboy can explain this apparent partiality on the part of Mother Nature in the treatment of her children. If not, let him take a trip to Europe by the southern route one of these days and learn the secret.

In mid-ocean it is often uncomfortable on deck without a wrap, so sharp is the breeze. But when you have slipped through between the Pillars of

Hercules and are sailing under Sardinia, summer clothing becomes almost a burden in the hot monsoon from Sahara. If New York had such a foot stove as Naples has in the great desert, and Quebec had such a radiator as London has in the Gulf Stream, there would be small chance of a coal famine in the American cities. Many Italian immigrants follow the example of the millionaire, spending their summers in America and their winters in Italy. They doubtless find the steerage passage on an ocean liner cheaper than a winter coal bill in New York.

One may find a sea voyage very monotonous, or wonderfully varied, according to one's humor; just as one finds the stream of humanity on the streets of a great city interesting or the reverse, according to one's own attitude. The stretch of the sea as you look at it hour by hour over the rail has more or less sameness, especially when the sky overhead is an unbroken blue or a blanket of cloud day after day. But for the voyager who can throw off the lethargy of a deck chair in mid-ocean, the sea presents an almost kaleidoscopic change. All day the stormy petrels, Mother Carey's chickens, keep you a kind of errant company, flitting along your wake to pick up a chance morsel of food. There is something pathetic about these little tramps of the ocean. Brooded upon lonely strands, they set out on the ocean air never to return. They are homeless. They sleep upon the evanescent wave, now here, now there, without a local habitation. How like

some wayward children of men, who drift on the sea of life, trailing in the wake of every ship that passes, if perchance they may snatch a castaway crumb; but evermore left to drift again on the waves as the ship passes on to its haven.

If you are willing to breast the spray of the prow, you may catch sight now and then of the winged nautilus, looking much like a chimney swallow, as he rises before the ship and dashes away to hide in the friendly bosom of a billow—a curious creature, this flying squirrel of the ocean. And while you watch you may see a school of porpoises churning the surface of the sea to foam, leaping above the waters like dogs in pursuit of their quarry. And at night the wake of the ship becomes a Milky Way, where a myriad stars of phosphorus blend their glow.

The things that are not seen on the waters are as significant as those that are seen. There is a wonderful harmony in Nature's realm. She groups the great things together. To the great creatures she gives a habitation in her great expanses. The roar of the lion echoes over the desert. The stately soaring of the condor is in keeping with the peaks of Chimborazo. The grace and noise of the eagle's flight as he slides against the vault of summer sky is in perfect harmony with the clouds that serve him for canopy. For a like reason the rapid wing-beat of the lesser bird is in keeping with the wind-shaken tree-tops into which he darts. Now in that immensity where boundless sea is blended with

boundless sky there are no soarers; as if nature felt that none of her children was great enough for that frame. But down on the surface of the water skims the stormy petrel, rising and falling with the billow; and out of the wave crest dashes the nautilus, like a part of the far-flung spray.

The personnel of a ship's company is in itself of inexhaustible interest; not that personnel of icebergs in the presence of which one too frequently shivers on the promenade deck of a fast liner, but that personnel of warm-hearted human beings whose souls are larger than their purses, and who are therefore more frequently found in the second cabin—second class on the ship's passenger list, but first class in the fine qualities that make manhood and womanhood. Here is a man who twenty years ago gave up the plans of a university graduate, and sought refuge from "the white peril" in the Lone Star State. With true patriotism he has lent his energies for those twenty years to the building up of that great new State. Now he is going abroad for the summer to recuperate body and spirit—a cheerful, brave-hearted, whole-souled fellow, just as a man will be who has looked death full in the face these twenty years without flinching. And by his side are a noble wife and two daughters entering nascent maidenhood. It is refreshing to watch their enthusiasm over everything along the way; the callous globe-trotter might well envy the freshness of their spirits. Here are teachers who, instead of investing their savings in corner lots or

cotton futures, have chosen to invest them in enlargement of their lives and in greater fitness for the helping of others. Here are young men just out of college, going abroad to sow one more season of seed for the coming harvest of culture. Here are artists and musicians of promise willing to spend time and means in acquiring those fine qualties of touch and taste which cost so much, but which are the essence of art. Here is a man who has devoted his life to the buying and selling of rare stamps—a veritable cyclopaedia when it comes to his business. Think of a man crossing the seas to sell a handful of stamps. But his heart and his money are in it, and that combination will carry one to the ends of the earth.

Then there are adopted children of the strong New World going back now to pay a filial visit to the old mother—Germans, French, Italians, Spaniards, Greeks. What a wonderful cosmopolitan country that land of Columbia is, lying there under the western skies, nursing at her ample breast the children of all nations, and bringing them up into a maturity of unfaltering fidelity to their foster mother. We need not wonder at the army of immigrants who yearly knock for entrance at her doors. To the poor Neapolitan it is more than a land of promise, it is a kind of halo-circled paradise whose streets are made of gold, and beside whose limpid rivers grow wide-spreading trees of life. We who have known no other life than that in a land of liberty have little idea of the charm which our coun-

try has for the wistful multitudes of the Old World. In fact, the American himself rarely appreciates his country so much as when he sees it from a foreign shore.

"Land ahead!" For days we had been measuring endless miles of summer sea sloping toward a fugitive horizon, and our eyes were eager for sight of the billows that are never capped with foam. With one accord we rushed to the rail, and saw far ahead on the misty horizon a dark line which we made out to be land. It was Flores, the most westerly member of the Azores—that scattered group of islands which straggle out from the Old World like bold waders into the gulf of water. It was off the coast of this island in the stirring days of New World conquest that Sir Richard Grenville in his ship *Revenge* stood out for a whole long day and night against the combined attack of the Spanish fleet, and thereby became one of England's immortal sailors.

It might not be out of place to jot down in the log of a landlubber a few observations on that group of islands, the Azores, which lie upon the southern way, for they deserve more attenton than is commonly given them in geographies. They are at a mean distance of eight hundred miles from Portugal and nineteen hundred from Newfoundland. They represent seven hundred square miles; and three decades ago counted some three hundred thousand souls. They are a Portuguese colony—have been

since their discovery by Prince Henry the Navigator in 1433.

But they must have been known before that time—known and lost to sight again in those days of uncharted oceans when Leif the Lucky discovered Vinland, and his countrymen let it lapse from memory. Indeed, there is a suggestion of these islands in Greek mythology. For who does not know the beautiful story of the Isles of the Hesperides, where the daughters of Hesperus, the evening star, kept Juno's golden apples; and of how Hercules, coveting the apples, agreed to take the burden of the world from the shoulders of Atlas if the latter would fetch him the prize. One can easily imagine that some mariner from ancient Hellas, sailing out where the Pillars of Hercules stand guard at the gates of the west, and the Mountains of Atlas cast their shadow across the sands, was caught by adverse winds and driven out over the ocean rim till he came within sight of these unknown isles lying under the sunset glow; and that, winning his way back to the inland sea and home, he brought vague news of lands that lay in the vast waters where Hesperus goes down to her bath. At any rate, if Hercules should come to these islands to-day, he would find golden apples there in abundance, for the finest oranges of the market are grown there.

Though the islands are of volcanic origin, the ancient cones and lava beds being distinctly traceable, they are wonderfully fertile. Fayal and San

Jorge, two of the largest members of the group, are in the highest state of cultivation. They are dotted with orange and lemon groves, with fields of pine-apples, and with vineyards clambering up the steep ascents. Their climate is semi-tropical. They are hilly, sometimes mountainous. As our ship skirted the shores at close range during the afternoon of a June day, they presented a panorama of surpassing beauty. The hills were robed in many colors, each field clearly marked by the tint of the crop it bore. The volcanoes that once spread their sulphurous fumes over the islands have long since fallen asleep, and the hardy children of men are tilling their sides and gathering hay from the very meadows that cover the craters. The hillsides are dotted with shimmering haciendas half hidden in the trees, and red windmills wave their skeleton arms from the hilltops. A little village stands by the water's edge to wave a passing salute, while her more retiring sisters sit modestly among the hills. Here and there deep ravines furrow the slopes, and streams run unseen beneath the foliage till with airy leap they clear the precipice and fall headlong into the sea. On one cliff three of these falls are visible, hanging from the precipice like silver ribbons.

As we stood at the taffrail, and watched the day go out in the west, the view took on a marvelous beauty. The sea lay like a crinkled mirror under the cloud-flecked sky. The slant rays of the declining sun touched land and water into mellow tints. On the one side lay San Jorge, its shore ris-

ing now half a thousand feet, and now stooping to touch the waves. Beyond cliff and shore the verdant fields sloped to meet the sky. In the distance Pico loomed, forest-robed and storm-capped, seven thousand feet into the clouds. While we waited, the sun sank behind a shoulder of the hills. Then for one brief moment the landscape turned to orange and gold, and we watched the glory fade, till darkness settled over the ocean, and the stars came out to keep their vigil.

Far as these islands are now from the world's highway, their history has not been without events. They are upon the way from Gibraltar to America, and in the days of world discovery Gibraltar was the western gate of the world. Through it issued the first bold adventurers. So it came about that Columbus touched at these islands, on his homeward voyage—put in here to repair some damage done to his caravels on the uncharted sea. Here, too, Martin Behaim settled a colony—he who made the first globe of the earth, which notable work may be seen to this day in the old navigator's house at Nuremberg in Bavaria, if you have a mind to travel so far. But in these latter days when England has succeeded to the heritage of Spain, the tide of commerce and travel has turned northward, and the Azores stand upon a by-path of the ocean.

Louis Stevenson once invited a friend to visit him in Samoa, and for direction told him to come to San Francisco, take a steamer, and turn to the left at the next corner. So much has space shrunk

under the pressure of steam. The next station beyond the Azores is Gibraltar, some thousand miles to the east. Three days of pleasant sailing brought us to the Old World. Our first sight of it was a hazy view of the Spanish mainland. Not long afterward we caught sight of Africa lying to the south. Then for the rest of the day we had the peculiar privilege of looking upon two continents at once. Surely that is all a traveler can ask for one afternoon, if he is in a mood to let his memory play in the past of the one and his imagination in the future of the other.

In due time we steamed in through the famous Strait, flying the English flag from the masthead in recognition of the power that rules the Mediterranean. The sun was setting in the western waters as we entered the harbor, and when he should rise on the morrow he was to find us well on our way toward Sardinia. It was a case of "twenty minutes for Gibraltar," but with true American spirit we determined to storm the fortress. The harbor was alive with craft of every kind. There were merchantmen from the ends of the earth, great colliers with grimy hulks, sailing smacks with their orange-tinted canvas, trim steam launches darting in and out among the larger craft, and rowboats manned by vociferous venders. This is the rendezvous of the British Mediterranean fleet, and behind the huge stone mole that runs out into the harbor we could see the low-lying men-of-war and their com-

panion ships at rest or sluggishly shifting position, like giant aquatic armadillos.

No sooner was our ship at anchor than fruit and souvenir venders thronged about and clambered up the sides to offer their wares—the peddlers and beggars of these southern countries are indefatigable. We were pleasantly surprised to find the venders offering fresh strawberries—the season had been over a month when we left home. The berries were large and luscious, and sold at two baskets a shilling—if you wouldn't give more. Golden apricots half the size of an apple were to be had for a few pence a dozen, and tempting purple plums at a shilling for as many as a party could eat. The hawkers had little trouble in disposing of their stock to the seven hundred passengers who had been nine days on the sea. We were genuinely fruit hungry. What a time those old tars must have had who shipped for a three years' cruise. No wonder they suffered from scurvy. Fresh fruit has been essential to the health of man ever since Adam and Eve formed the habit.

Mark Twain's description of Gibraltar is characteristic—both of the man and the place. He said it reminded him of "a 'gob' of mud on the end of a shingle." Nevertheless, the rock of Gibraltar is most imposing. The famous "rock" so often seen in pictures is not, however, the main fortress, but is that portion which overlooks the harbor of the town and faces inland, the harbor being rather in

the rear of the rock. The part which guards the entrance to the Inland Sea is two miles away.

The streets of the town present a cosmopolitan appearance. Despite the fact that the Moor was driven out of Europe politically with the capture of Granada in 1492, he is largely in evidence at Gibraltar yet—and in his original garb of turban and robe and naked shanks, at that. He is one thing at Gibraltar that has not been Anglicized, though he speaks English per force of business, and does not hesitate to take an American dollar. The Moor is your true cosmopolitan—all things to all men, if perchance he may make a piastre. The English soldier is also in evidence, in his khaki. In fact, it looks as if every second person on the streets were a soldier. Nor are fair women wanting. It was a strange sight to us, this throng of Moors and soldiers, and women dressed in the latest style, all pouring along the narrow street together, pedestrian and carriage taking chances in the middle of the way. The Gibraltar hack is a curiosity. It is a cross between a horse car and a summer trolley. If that hybrid is inconceivable to the reader, he must charge it to the Gibraltar hack.

We "did" the town and got back to our ship in good time. How much American money that crowd left on shore, how many cheap souvenirs and spurious coins they brought with them, it would be hard to tell. The writer found three nationalities represented in his purse the next day. There is one advantage in the tipping custom of the Old

World. It gives you a chance to get rid of spurious coins, for the servant never examines the gift in the presence of the donor; and there is usually no injustice in thus disposing of the metal—the would-be service is generally as spurious as the coin you give. The clown reasoned that when he got a bad dollar and gave it to another, it was a case in which two wrongs made a right—at least it made him right. One is fain to accept the clown's ethics when traveling on the continent.

We left Gibraltar at midnight, and when we turned in to our berths the lights of the citadel were twinkling against the sky far behind us, and before us lay three days of sea—and Naples.

It is good to get away from one's country now and then, and consider it as a unit. Sectional lines grow dim with distance. Even the Mason and Dixon line fades when seen from foreign shores. When we meet abroad, it is not as sons of the several States, but as citizens of a single country. A fair amount of travel cultivates patriotism. It also cultivates respect for other peoples. Acquaintanceship is a great educator. The Crusader thought there was no civilization but his, until he met the Mussulman in the latter's own country.

When one touches Europe, the limits of history move back from 1492. It is one thing to read history in books that were turned out yesterday. It is another thing to read it in the very vestiges of the centuries as one finds them gathered in museums or scattered abroad upon the face of these millennial

lands. It is one thing to read "The Gallic Wars." It is another to walk in the crumbling ruins of Caesar's palace. Travel is greatly worth while if one can thereby come to realize the past out of which we have come and its relation to the present in which we live.

CHAPTER III

NAPLES

It was a perfect day in latest June when our ship sailed into the world's most beautiful harbor. We had been three days out from Gibraltar, with scarcely a sail to break the monotony of our horizon and no vestige of sea life to divert our attention. Above the ship arched the cloudless blue of a southern sky, and around us stretched an ocean of liquid lapis lazuli. But for the hot breath of the desert and the churning propellers we might have seemed to be hanging between the sky and its reflection,

> "As idle as a painted ship
> Upon a painted ocean."

How forsaken the great sea seemed, as we plowed league after league of its ancient surface, ourselves the sole occupants of this quondam world's arena. Where are the merchantmen whose sails once whitened the blue waters? Where are the galleys whose banked oars made the waters foam? For the warships of Hellas and the galleys of Rome used to scour these waters, and the merchant fleets of Venice and Pisa and Genoa once plied upon the now forsaken paths. Hither came the early Greeks to extend their colonies,—these first expansionists,—some twenty-five hundred years ago, planting the

seed of civilization in Sardinia, and afterward upon the mainland where Marseilles now stands. The fleets of Marius and Hannibal once sailed upon these waters, as did those of Caesar and Pompey. Hither came our crude forefathers out of Norseland a thousand years later, those bold adventurers pushing the prows of their Viking ships into every nook of European coast. Here Columbus first shipped as cabin boy from Genoa, little suspecting that one day he should open the western gates, and the teeming life which for centuries had been confined to the inland sea, should ebb out through the Strait of Gibraltar forever to find in a new world of lands and waters a larger home.

We sailed under Sardinia, lying like a gray cloud along the north, and held our course straight toward the Italian shore. About noon of the third day there was a stir on deck, for word had passed that we should soon sight land. The soft haze of a summer day half obscured the distant view, but we peered steadfastly ahead, till at last out of the haze gradually dawned the cone of Vesuvius like a mountain in the clouds, waving from his summit a long pennant of smoke. For three hours we watched through the lessening distance "the old man with his pipe," as he sent up puff after puff against the sky. Then land gradually appeared on either side across the shimmering water, as we steered in where the rugged isle of Ischia and the rock of Capri stand guard at the entrance of the bay. To our right,

Vesuvius, the shore at his feet fringed white with houses where Herculaneum lies buried. In front of us Naples stretched along the beach and clambered up the steep ascent of the background, white as marble in the sun.

No sooner was the ship at anchor than we were treated to a taste of Neapolitan life. Small boats swarmed about the great liner like ants about an apple. Some were laden with fruits—oranges and lemons, peaches and apricots, plums and pomegranates, and great black figs as large as the fist. The venders found ready sale for their cargo in stateroom and steerage. One of the boats was occupied by three Italian girls of respectable appearance. At first we thought they had come out to welcome friends among our ship's company, but when close up under the ship's bows they began to sing, and the serenade finished, held an umbrella inverted to catch any soldos that might be tossed from the deck. But the men were not to be outdone by the maidens. Several leaped from their boats into the water and offered to dive for a coin. Immediately there was a small shower of copper from the merry company, and the divers were equal to their offer, bringing up the coins now in their fingers and now between their toes.

At last the red tape of the quarantine had all been measured out in accordance with the requirements that be, and we went ashore. A legion of hotel porters met us before we were off the lighter, and almost fought each other in their mad efforts

to secure our patronage. If they had been Americans, you might have expected bloodshed; but being Italians, you knew nobody was in danger. Having run the gauntlet of the porters and customs officers, we had to face the beggars. Some of them are mendicants pure and simple, others live under the guise of peddlers; but in either case they are equally persistent. It was with difficulty we could keep the venders from filling our pockets with matches, flowers, soap, and trinkets of every sort. Indeed, we had once or twice to divest ourselves of such impedimenta. A modest young man of our party was greatly embarrassed by having a beaming Italian maid put a nosegay in his buttonhole on such short acquaintance. The Neapolitan beggar and his concomitant, the Neapolitan flea, are equally persistent and aggravating. As we drove to our hotel an old man ran beside the wheel for half a block begging alms, and when we refused, turned away muttering what we took to be a curse. As we paused on the street an old woman came and held out her hand. When we alighted at the hotel a horribly maimed man led by a woman barred our way. Another time three beggars besieged us in as many blocks, and on still another occasion we had to leave the street because of their annoyance. The maimed and deformed beggars are legion in southern Italy. It is strange the government allows these parasites to prey upon the public, but it seems rather to encourage them. We were told the privi-

lege of begging is farmed out, and under the control of regularly organized companies.

Your room at Naples should be chosen with an eye to the view. If your window looks out on the bay, you will have before you morning and evening one of the loveliest views in all the world—the craft-crowded harbor in the foreground, Vesuvius to the left, the stone pines of Posilippo to the right; across the waters, Capri. And stretched round all, the horns of the crescent shore sloping to meet the sea.

The street scenes are no less interesting to the stranger than the views are beautiful. The Italian dairyman is in evidence everywhere, morning and evening, driving his flock of goats or leading his cows. You get your milk fresh from the cow, and see it milked while you wait. If the customer lives in the fourth story he lets down his bucket by a cord, and when the order has been filled draws it up again. The milk is presumably fresh, but there's no telling how much chalk water a Neapolitan cow may yield. Her latest offspring always accompanies her as evidence that the mother is fresh and the milk mild. But some of these offspring are of questionable age; and no doubt the adoption of children is not entirely unknown in the dairies of Naples. The goats lie about contentedly on the sidewalks when not being driven, and are as lazy as the lazzaroni. When on duty they do not hesitate to mount the most precipitous flight of stairs to serve an attic customer, their long inheritance from

agile mountain ancestry standing them in good stead.

The horses of Naples are for the most part scarcely larger than ponies, and the donkeys a size larger than the St. Bernard dog—mere pygmies beside the Percherons of New York and London. Yet they draw loads we would hesitate to put upon our animals. The cart is the usual vehicle, and when the load is on, it looks as if the little beast might be caught up bodily any moment by the tilting of the cart and thrown backward over his burden. There is a society for the prevention of cruelty here, but the Italian estimate of cruelty must be different from the American, for one of the uniformed representatives of this order stood complaisantly on the street while two ponies nearby were left in the hot sun for half an hour under the strain of a heavy load on the hillside. Another time a hackman who offered his services had to ply the lash while his fellow pushed the wheel, in order to get the miserable steed in motion. The American liveryman would be amused at the way the Neapolitan hackman feeds his horse. About noon he secures a few handfuls of green hay, and feeds it to the starving beast from his hand a few straws at a time. Another way is to tie a bundle of hay to the shaft and let the animal eat as he goes, but this is practised chiefly among draymen. The teamster's horse is often driven without bit, being controlled by a metal piece which takes the place of nose strap on the bridle.

Cabs are reasonable, even if the turnout is not first class. A dollar will hire a hack half the morning. But you must always make your agreement beforehand, for the Neapolitan gets all he can, and the policeman acts on the maxim that blood is thicker than water. Whatever you give must be supplemented by pourboire. But the currency is such that the tip need not be large. A two-cent piece is nearly as heavy as our half dollar. When you are in a hurry to catch the train, give a handful and go on. Half of it will likely be spurious, but it will not get out of circulation for all that. The amount of counterfeit and worthless coins in Italy is beyond computation—a great multitude of bastards whose paternity is not too closely questioned. One day the writer found among his coins a lead two-lire piece (forty cents). Calling a scavenger, he handed it to him. The play of expression on the wizen face was significant, as it lighted up, then fell at the leaden touch, then lighted up again.

However archaic Naples may be in many phases of life, she is not altogether behind the times. She has not escaped the electric trolley. It is strange that this American invention is known all over Europe by a name which, so far as the writer knows, is never applied to it in the land of its birth. The Neapolitan speaks glibly of the "tramway," and signs along the streets inform the public that the "tramway" stops at the places indicated. The tramway is no omnibus. Each car has so many seats inside and so many standing places on the platform.

When these are occupied the conductor hangs up a small sign in front marked "completo." You need not hail a car thus marked. It is rather hard for the man who is not on, but is certainly easier for one who is—and after all, this is a world of compromises. The fares are very reasonable, varying from two to five cents, according to the distance traveled. There is a first and a second class seat, the difference being the luxury of a cushion, for which you pay an extra cent—and that cent is enough to break down for the moment all caste.

For the visitor the city itself and the life on its streets constitute the chief interest. There are few monuments of antiquity such as Rome affords, nor are there such treasures of art as adorn Florence and Venice. The National Museum is, indeed, a famous collection, but a large part of its treasures come from Herculaneum and Pompeii, and will be noted in the following chapter. There are besides these the Farnese Hercules and the Farnese Bull, with which masterpieces of art every reading American must be acquainted. They are both of marble. The toe of the god is as large as a man's fist, and the figure is in perfect proportion. One gets some conception of the luxuriousness of later Roman life when it is remembered that these masterpieces adorned the public baths of Caracalla in Rome. They were unearthed some hundred years ago, and set as central figures in the National Museum. Here are to be seen too the lovely "Crouching Venus" and the "Venus Calypygus,"

the latter found in the ruins of Nero's Golden House.

When you have feasted your eyes upon these and all the other treasures that are gathered here under one roof for your delectation, you will come out—for it will be well past noonday—and stroll through the tide of Neapolitan life till you come to the Galleria Principe di Napoli. Here you may turn in and take your seat at one of the many tables that cover the marble floor, while the eddies of the street play about you, and the arch of transparent roof bends gracefully a hundred feet above your head. For two lire and a half you will be served with a dainty meal after the most approved culinary art, and for another lire a flask of fine red wine without which a lunch in Italy is not complete. Native fruits in abundance form part of the repast—all laid on spotless linen, and served by immaculate waiters in full dress. And while you eat at leisure you may purchase matches or cameos or corals or souvenirs of countless kind from peripatetic venders who penetrate even here. Nor will you escape that other ubiquitous personage, the vender of illustrated cards. You have had to fight past him at every church and gallery door and on every corner. If you climbed out of breath to some eminence to get a lauded view, he was there to insist that you could see it as well on his cards. His one rule of trade is to get all he can, and the purchaser's may well be the same. But for all the intrusions, you will have a wonderful chance to study Italian life while you

linger here over the fruit and the wine. And perhaps you will get in this hour of rest and refreshment more than was included in the bill of fare.

Luncheon over, you cannot do better than devote the afternoon to San Martino—on foot if you are a hearty climber, by tramway or cab if you are not a disciple of the strenuous life. Taking the Strada Salvator Rosa in front of the Museum, you wind in and out through the serpentine ways that crawl at haphazard up the steep ascent. You mingle with the populace that overflows here in all the abandonment of an indolent people at home. You pause to purchase a handful of figs from a woman whose attention is divided between her stock and the dirt-begrimed baby on her knee. An old woman on the corner is offering roasted chestnuts for sale, while a man near by earns a precarious living as sidewalk cobbler. Your curiosity is aroused by a huckster with a little brass barrel suspended from his shoulder. He is your perambulating cold drink fountain, and sells you for a soldo a glass of water "spiked" with some anonymous germ-killer. So you loiter through the streets at your ease—always do your sight-seeing at your ease—till unconsciously you have compassed the greater part of the otherwise tedious climb. You are under the walls of the old monastery of the Dominicans, San Martino—long since deserted by that brotherhood, and left here to be worn by the elements and looked at by the curious eye like a shell by the seashore. The chambers and corridors of the old monastery are

hung with paintings of long-forgotten artists, which you look at in passing and in turn forget. But do not forget to hunt out the little room justly called the Belvedere, from which you will get altogether the most beautiful view of Naples. Vine-clad terraces slope down to where the white city bends like a crescent about the bay eight hundred feet below; and in the background Vesuvius, and the steep cliffs of Sorrento shimmering in the sunset, and Capri beyond the blue waters.

One afternoon when the heat of the day was well passed, we strolled down to the Riviera di Chiaia, and boarded the trolley that runs to Posilippo. No visitor to Naples in the summer season should miss this excursion. As the car climbed leisurely up the long gradient we had ample opportunity for sightseeing. On one side the bay dropped steadily beneath us, its matchless panorama stretching away to the horizon. On the other an unbroken wall of houses stood against the hill, teeming with life. These houses are rather caves with ornate fronts, for they butt against the living rock, their only light being such as struggles through the windows of the front. But the occupants seem to thrive in such atmosphere. One door may open into a dwelling and the next into the stall of cow or horse. The glare of a smithy will light up a cave with lurid glow, till one could almost imagine he had come upon the fabled forge of Vulcan. Through the next entrance will be dimly seen the outlines of unnumbered casks, the long-garnered vintage of the sunny hills. So

Bacchus and Vulcan consort, as they have done these many centuries on the slopes of Vesuvius. As we passed, an urchin was milking a cupful from the udder of a goat leaning against the wall. A slatternly woman railed at a group of slatternly children. And a gens-d'armes strutted officiously by on his beat. And as if by contrast, smart equipages of the aristocracy with their lolling occupants rolled indifferently along the street, going for an airing on the heights of Posilippo. Finally we were at the end of the line. Beneath us the slopes of the rocky promontory were verdant with trellised and bowered vine, under the foliage of which could be seen clusters of grapes. Here and there white villas dotted the slope, half hidden in the trees. Figs, plums, and cherries were growing in luxuriance, and gardens of semi-tropical plants adorned the terraces of this natural conservatory. When we reached the summit, the landscape broadened. On one side was the bay of Naples; on the other, the bay of Baia. Before us in the nearer distance was the island of Nisida, its beauty desecrated by a convict prison and a Lazaretto. Beyond it Procida and Ischia were bathed in the soft glow of sunset. Hereabouts are many shrines of classic story. It was here that Aeneas lost his trumpeter overboard, and here he found the grotto of the Cumean Sibyl. On the slope of Posilippo is the reputed tomb of Virgil. And Baia was the Saratoga of Rome in the days of Nero.

But no one has seen Naples who has confined his

wanderings to the highways of the city. Alexander Dumas characterized Naples as "a city consisting of some five hundred streets of which only three are ever trodden by the visitor." You want to see some of the other five hundred before you bid farewell to this most oriental of eastern cities,—some of those deep, narrow ways—mere cracks in the wall, as it were—which run hither and thither under stories of reeking windows. And you do not have to go slumming to see them either. Naples has no distinctly slum district. Turn off from a principal street at almost any corner, and you are with the submerged ten thousand. So closely do poverty and vice cling to the skirts of respectability in this Italian city.

It was through such a crack in the wall we often passed by night and by day as we took short cut from the Villa Nazionale to our pension on Via Amadeo. It was just broad enough for the easy come and go of pedestrians and too steep for wheels. Here again we came upon the Neapolitan at home. Men, women, and children sat before the doors in airiest garments—the children often in all the innocence of Eden. The narrow ribbon of sky visible between the tiled roofs was obscured by the outhangings of numerous domestic laundries. A fountain of clear water filled an ample basin, from which the denizens dipped at will. In a niche of the wall near by was a faded image of the Virgin with a taper burning before it—but where was the vestal in that sordid street who kept the sacred fire? Further

up the slope was a little church where a well-kept priest heard the confessions of the parish, and (as he passed down through his flock) held his hand perfunctorily to be kissed.

But with all its narrow streets and archaic ways and sordidness, there is a charm about the city that draws the visitor, and makes him turn back for a last lingering look. It is a city where one would not care to dwell, but to which one would fain return ever and anon for a season.

CHAPTER IV

THE BURIED CITY

For all the cities that in ages past have been folded into the bosom of the earth, there is to the world of to-day only one buried city—Pompeii. Nineteen centuries ago it was a flourishing town of some twenty thousand inhabitants, situated upon the Mediterranean coast, eclipsing its neighbor Neapolis both in commerce and wealth. It was then seven centuries old, and its life was a mixture of the Greek and Roman. It had won by its situation renown as a pleasure resort, and many wealthy Romans were wont to come hither when the stress of business or the strain of festivity became too great in the Eternal City—a sort of Newport for the Rome of the Caesars.

Behind the city and away from the shore rose a mountain, wooded to the top and used as a kind of suburban park by the Pompeians. This mountain was known as La Somma. The inhabitants of the city looked upon it with as little fear as the inhabitants of St. Pierre looked upon the wooded slopes and lake-crowned summit of Pelee. Not within the memory of man had the mountain given the slightest sign of life. To be sure, certain wise men of that day had said that it was the tomb of a long dead volcano. But the Pompeians were quite too much

taken up with their own business and pleasures to concern themselves with the tombs of volcanoes or the possibility of Vulcan's resurrection. Like the people of St. Pierre, they went serenely about their work, and on occasion ran up for a day to the summit of the ancient hill for recreation.

But in 63 A. D. the city with its neighbors was almost destroyed by an earthquake, which threw down the houses and wrecked the temples. The people, however, were not to be frightened from the city of their fathers by even so frightful a portent as that. Humanity is much the same in all ages. Galveston is visited by a wave that drowns thousands of its inhabitants and ruins millions of property. But scarcely are the dead buried when the survivors set about to repair their losses on the same spot. San Francisco is laid waste, only to be builded again by its people. So, after this terrible visitation, the fathers of Pompeii issued a decree that the city should be restored in greater magnificence than before. This work of restoration was well-nigh completed, when one August day in 79 A. D., with scarce a word of warning, the whole side of La Somma blew out with great violence, and the cone which is now known as Vesuvius was thrown up.

In this, the birth of the famous volcano, there seems to have been little discharge of lava. Rivers of boiling mud were thrown out, and these descending at great speed to the sea, overwhelmed the town of Herculaneum. The fate of Pompeii, though no less tragic, was different. That town was situated

across a shallow basin some eight miles from the volcano, and could not have been reached by a mud or lava flow. It was nevertheless doomed. The new-born volcano, leaping full grown from the bosom of La Somma, seemed to exult in its terrible power. A huge mushroom of smoke, laden with ash and pumice-stone, was sent to a great height. This was caught by the wind and bent over Pompeii till day became night on the streets of the fated city. For three days this pall shook down its ash and stones, and when the wind shifted, Pompeii was buried.

But the destruction of the population was not so complete as at St. Pierre, for whereas there were twenty thousand inhabitants, it is estimated that not more than two thousand lost their lives. Most of the people fled at the first outbreak, and it is probable that those who lost their lives were chiefly persons returning during a lull in the volcanic storm.

So the city of Pompeii was removed from the world's stage of action and sealed for nearly two thousand years, to be unsealed again for our own generation as a specimen of that long past life. At first one wonders how it was that in a time of such enlightenment as that of the Caesars the buried city should have been lost to sight. But on second thought it is not so strange. If St. Pierre were buried now under twenty feet of ash, no one would think of exhuming it. If people wished to dwell there again they would do just what the later Romans did, build over the city, and leave its ashes in

peace. The interest in Pompeii to-day, leaving aside the nameless curiosity of the tourist, is archaeological; and that interest had no existence in the centuries which immediately succeeded the age of Pompeii. So the story of the city lapsed almost into oblivion, until some hundred and fifty years ago. In 1748 a peasant while digging happened upon the walls of a ruined house. The government at once took the matter of excavation in hand, and to-day the most important part of the ancient city has been laid bare.

The visitor to Naples whose time is limited has a choice of excursions—Capri with its blue grotto, the crater of Vesuvius, and Pompeii, any one of which, taken at leisure, costs a day. We chose the last, and having secured tickets from an up-town office, set out for the station to catch the ten o'clock train. But there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip of the traveler in Italy. An evil genius prompted us to inquire of a guard before the central station where the train to Pompeii could be found. He was impervious to English, French, or German, which was the limit of our repertoire. But a native guide, who understood some English—beware of the tribe, all ye who travel in this land of parasites—informed us that we were at the wrong place, and offered to show us where our train was waiting. We followed him, only to learn on getting there that it was the wrong place. Retracing our steps, we

found the train just gone. The next train landed us in the roofless city just at noon of a July day.

Having secured the services of a licensed guide—Pompeii is one of the few places where the traveler really profits by the services of a guide—and paid the lira and a half which the government exacts of every visitor, we entered the famous ruins and wandered through them for several hours with what enjoyment the torrid heat permitted. Several other Americans sought safety under the leadership of our guide. One's fellow travelers are often as interesting as the native attractions. There was a young drummer in the party who had evidently gotten a month's vacation, and had decided to "do Europe" in that time. His first act, as self-appointed spokesman for the crowd, was to instruct the guide: "Cut it short now. We don't want to be peeping into every hole and pecking at every rock like some of these tourists, and I've got to catch that 1.30 train back to Rome." Now he had come three thousand miles and spent large time and money, partly to see Pompeii, which, too, was well worth the seeing. Yet he purposed to devote just forty-five minutes to the buried city. Fortunately for some of the party who, though not given especially to rock pecking, preferred to linger a little in the deserted streets, the guide said that he would show the young man out when his time was up, and return to the party; which he afterward did. Science has made possible the instantaneous photograph; but the human mind remains much like the

plates of Daguerre, it requires a time exposure. We took our time, and dropped back into ancient Pompeii while our drummer friend was rushing to his engagement in modern Rome.

The remarkable state of Pompeii's preservation is due to the manner in which it was destroyed. It was not burned. The hot ash and pumice falling upon the roofs, which were tile supported by wooden beams, charred the wood work till it gave way and the roofs fell in. The houses were then filled with ash, and covered well over with the same deposit,—sealed from sun and rain. So it came about that when this ash was removed after eighteen hundred years, the very fresco paintings on the walls of the rooms were in almost a perfect state of preservation. By the aid of these paintings one gets a glimpse into the voluptuous life of that age. The better dwellings had their walls decorated in real art, the frescoes of a room harmonizing with the use to which it was put—fruits and meats and hunting scenes in the dining-room, nymphs and fountains in the baths. The Pompeian gentleman's whole house was an unpremeditated art gallery, beginning sometimes, as in the house of the Tragic Poet, with the mosaic floor of the vestibule, and running through corridors and rooms. One can but wonder what it cost to decorate a house, for the work was that of artists and not whitewashers. These Pompeian frescoes have a peculiar interest in that they are the oldest specimens of painting extant; they belong to the late Greek school, and through them we get nearest to

the long-lost work of the Greek masters. The Pompeian was a connoisseur in art. Some of the finest bronzes extant were found in these ruins; for instance, the statuette known as "Narcissus," now in the museum at Naples, a perfect gem for pose and proportion.

In the houses were found many things of interest, which you may still see in the National Museum. Quantities of bread were found in the bakeries, carbonized, but otherwise looking much as if the cook had forgotten her oven last week. Kneaded dough was also found in the tray. Plum cake was not unknown to the epicure of that day, as the charred remains of Pompeian pantries testify. In the museum you may see eggs that were laid about the time of Paul, and shells whose contents were consumed nearly two thousand years ago; and English walnuts that might well have been pulled from the embers of your hearth on yesterday. Bunches of grapes may be seen there too that were intended for a Roman palate when our forefathers were roaming wild along the shores of the Danube. Prunes, pears, and plums were also on that ancient menu, their blackened mummies perfectly preserved to this day. The remains of a roast pig were found in a bakery.

Passing through the Street of Fortune, we entered the house where Glaucus lived in "The Last Days of Pompeii." The dog still keeps guard at the threshold, and by him you may see the inscription *Cave Canem*, written in mosaics of black and

white. But no Glaucus comes out to welcome the visitor, nor are the chambers ready for the guest. The walls still bear the frescoes upon which Glaucus and his friend the Epicure looked when they sat at feast in the long ago. The knives and forks and spoons they used may still be seen, and the viands that were served on the sumptuous board. In the court yard are the jars from which their wine was drawn, and across the street is a wine booth with its jars let into the counter, where doubtless they stopped on their way from the baths. The flower beds are traceable in the court. The leaden pipes which supplied the house with water are in their place and ready yet to serve. And down in the museum at the entrance to the ruins you may possibly look upon the very bodies of Glaucus and his friend, lying stark and stony as they were left when the whirlwind from Vesuvius took away their breath that summer day of 79 A. D.

Not far off is "The House of the Surgeon," so called because of the surgical outfit found there—knives, lancets, probes, singly and in cases, besides many complicated instruments such as our surgeons use to-day; and along with them bottles of drugs. The art of Aesculapius was practised with evident skill in Pompeii. How often the knocker of that house sounded through the silent street in the nights of long ago, calling the physician to the bedside of some sufferer! But all flesh is grass, and all the glory of man is as the flower of grass. The grass withereth and the flower fadeth away. The name-

less sufferers are gone. The physician and his fame are likewise lost in the darkness of oblivion.

At the farther extremity of the excavations and next to Vesuvius is the Herculaneum Gate, where legend says the Roman sentinel stood guard in the face of death. And just beyond it is the street of tombs, set on either side with marble monuments in the niches of which were deposited the ashes of the city's dead, before Pompeii became one common tomb of her citizens. Just inside the gate is the "House of Diomede," one of the most pretentious dwellings in all the city. It was built around a quadrangular court, and had a cellar running like a corridor the whole perimeter of the house. Here was kept the wine; the long neck jars you may see to-day, leaning against the walls, filled to the lip with the all-pervading ash. Here too the shovel of the excavator laid bare eighteen bodies of those who fled thither for safety from the deadly breath of the volcano.

The baths of Pompeii are remarkable. They represent on a reduced scale the Roman bath, an institution which played no small part in the life of the later Roman. There is the cool chamber, where the bather took off his street garb, and prepared for exercise. The stone balls, resembling ten-pin balls, mark it as a sort of bowling alley. Exercise over, he entered a room heated by hot air passed through hollow walls. He then proceeded to the plunge bath, and to the massage. One comes close to history as one sets foot upon the marble steps of the

plunge bath, made smooth by the pressure of feet that passed two thousand years ago.

With all his epicurean life, the Pompeian was not without his religion. Indeed, if we may judge from the temples to manifold deity that dot the ruins, he was too liberal along these lines, having almost reached the point at which Paul found the Athenians. There are temples to Jupiter and Apollo and Mercury and Hercules and Fortune. Then there is a temple to Isis, the Egyptian deity, which shows the presence of Oriental influence in the city.

Passing down toward the exit, you turn aside to the museum. Here are specimens of the two thousand bodies exhumed. And what stories the stony bodies tell. Here is a slave who lingered in the service of his master too long, his servile station indicated by the girdle about his waist. Here is an old man with his iron-shod cane beside him; and here is a cripple with a shortened limb. For them the destroying storm was too swift. Here are a mother and daughter in the same bed. Did the daughter refuse to forsake an invalid mother even in the face of death? Here are the bodies of criminals found in their prison cell. Here is a young man with knotted muscles, perhaps a gladiator. And here is a child with its arms outstretched. Their ears have been deaf these eighteen hundred years, and their eyes have been sealed since that terrible night descended upon them from Vesuvius.

But as you look upon them, fancy builds about them again the structure of that long-vanished life.

So lies Pompeii with its dead beside the blue waters of the Mediterranean, while Vesuvius sends up its intermittent cloud of smoke, black by day, and red against the walls of night. And along the crescent shore of the bay stretches Naples, its streets sprinkled anon with ashes from the volcano, and its pavements trembling with repeated quakings of the earth, while its people do not so much as lift their eyes toward the smoking mountain.

CHAPTER V

RAMBLES ABOUT ROME

The days of our stay in Naples were ended all too soon. But we left it with cheerful hearts, for the City of Seven Hills was in prospect. A hurried packing of grips on the last morning, a drive against time to the station, a running connection with the north-bound express, and we were off, bag and baggage, for Rome. It was a hot day; the dust and cinders almost unbearable; the accommodations none too good. But we enjoyed the ride, for all that. It was our first pretentious piece of continental travel, and its novelties diverted us from the discomforts of the way. The cars on the continent are divided into compartments, which you enter at the side, with accommodation for four, eight, or more, according to the class. Through trains, however, carry corridor cars, with a side passage the length of the car. The "smokers" are usually more numerous than the "non-smokers" on a European train—a comment upon the use of the weed; though the absence of cuspidors everywhere is noteworthy—the European gentleman leaves the quid to the peasant. There is also a compartment for "women only," so that ladies may travel alone without risk of exposure to unpleasant company. Few trains furnish drinking water; that you pro-

cure along the way at a cent a glass. Nor is there a newsboy or fruit vender on the train. The conductor does not take up tickets; they are handed to the gate-keeper at the place of destination. If you ride beyond the ticket limit you pay the extra fare and a fine.

The roadbed is equal to any in America, but the rolling stock, especially in Italy, is inferior to that of our trunk lines. The engines look diminutive and antiquated beside the machines which pull our heavy freights and transcontinental flyers; but some of them nevertheless have a speed of fifty miles an hour. As no stock are allowed to roam, the cowcatcher is unnecessary and is dispensed with; but its absence makes the locomotive look like a hairlipped woman. Every crossing has its guardian, who stands like a sentry, with trumpet to warn of the approaching train and flag to wave it the right of way. And every station has a pretentious building, with attendants enough to see that the traveler and the road both get their deserts. Accidents are rare on the continent, not because trains run slower than with us, but because every precaution is taken. Moreover, the continental train keeps its schedule promise. In two months of travel we were never so much as an hour late. One fain puts up with a little jolting if he may get there on time.

The country through which we passed en route to Rome is one of remarkable fertility, considering its mountainous nature. No such thing as wornout fields in these long-tilled lands. That is an Ameri-

can coinage, corresponding to a fact in our economic life. After three thousand years of use these lands yield bountifully. And that, because the Italian farmer cares for his land as well as for his crop. The crop is the year's interest; the land is the principal. We ran through countless acres of wheat, rye, and oats, yellowing to the harvest. The reapers were in the fields with their hooks. Think of harvesting a thousand acres with reap hooks; for that was the only implement we saw along the entire way, though steam threshers were not uncommon. Poppies were a feature of the fields, blending with the yellow grain or dyeing the stubble red with their myriad blossoms. We were surprised to find, too, a large acreage of Indian corn, for the European has never taken to that cereal, and corn bread is not offered on the table—the crop is evidently for the barn. The ox is the favorite farm animal—a huge white creature with horns like a Texas steer, forming a picturesque feature of the landscape. On this tour we had the privilege of seeing three months of harvest. The season was closing when we left home; we caught it at high tide in Italy, followed it through Switzerland, Germany, France, England, and saw it ebb out over the Scotch highlands.

As the sun was sinking to the western horizon we turned the crest of the mountain, and began to glide down toward the Eternal City. An ancient aqueduct across the Campagna told us we were nearing our destination, and as the shades of night settled over the land we caught sight through the gathering

gloom of the dome of St. Peter's indistinct against the darkening sky. A few minutes of eager expectancy, and we were in the city of the Caesars—landed there by a panting locomotive. What would the shade of the great Roman say to see his city thus invaded?

A short drive through the night and we were at our stopping-place under the Pincio. It was most delightful, this home of Professor Sicuro and his excellent wife. They had postponed their summer outing at the request of common friends, in order to receive us. Our host was a Greek by birth, an Italian by long adoption, a scholar by training, a gentleman by nature. His wife, an Italian lady, and their niece, made up the family. French, Italian, and English were spoken at table, besides the native tongue of the host when he could find a Grecian ear. So we entered Rome through hospitable doors.

The day of our arrival was said by the thermometer to be the hottest the city had experienced in seventy years—and thermometers are not usually prejudiced. At any rate, we were prepared to support the mercury in this case. Evidently, if we were to do any sight-seeing it had to be done in the early and later hours, when Apollo was not so busy with his golden arrows. The Colosseum and the Appian Way are not inviting with the mercury at one hundred and four in the shade. One of our first days we set aside for these, and made arrangements with some cabmen to be at our door by five

o'clock in the morning. They were punctual; and after a hasty breakfast of coffee and stale bread, we set out at sunrise for a drive among some of the world's most historic scenes.

Our route lay through the modern city, which has grown westward from the Rome of the Caesars. Modern Rome boasts all the improvements of the twentieth century—automobiles, electric lights, cable cars, and many another thing that was not dreamed of in Cicero's philosophy. But all these we left behind as we dropped down between the Quirinal and the Capitoline. Crossing the Via Nationale and turning into the Street of Serpents, we caught sight of the noblest ruin of antiquity, the Colosseum. No picture of pen or pencil can do it justice. It must be seen. Sacked by Vandals, shaken by earthquakes, crumbled by time, quarried for centuries, it still stands the most imposing structure of ancient times—one of the seven wonders of the world. As we drove down to it towering there against the background of cerulean sky, the morning sun brought out in lights and shadows the details of the splendid pile. We alighted in its shadow, passed under the massive arches along ways which two thousand years ago were wont to be thronged with merry crowds, and came into the arena. Around us rose the ruins of the great amphitheater, its ornate magnificence gone now, but majestic still, like some mighty man who has risen out of life's battle stripped and scarred, but commanding in his very dignity. How must the Colosseum have

looked to the gladiator when fifty thousand faces were turned upon him from the now deserted slopes; when emperors and vestal virgins and senators and the nobility of the world's then capital lent their presence to the scene? We climbed to the topmost walls, and looked across. Ample need for lorgnettes when society was on display there, for one's vis-a-vis was a hundred yards away. The outer walls are five feet thick at the top, and some of the stones even in the highest tiers weigh many tons. How many years the Colosseum was in building or how many lives were worn out in raising its mighty walls, history fails to tell. It is said that ninety thousand captive Jews at one time worked upon it.

But the day grew on apace, and the Campagna was before us. Leaving the Colosseum, we set out for the Appian Way, passing under the arch which the Emperor Constantine erected sixteen centuries ago. Country wagons were coming into the city as we drove out, bringing their produce to market—fruits and vegetables, and mountains of fragrant hay drawn by patient cattle. Out toward the ramparts of ancient Rome we passed the Baths of Caracalla. They were the most elaborate and luxurious of their day, being two hundred and fifty yards long and half as wide, ornamented with the best that art could furnish. Two of the most famous statues extant were found here, the Farnese Bull and the Farnese Hercules. A little farther the Sebastian Gate lifted its scarred battlements above the roadway. What history these tur-

rets have looked down upon! Their portals have given passage to men of universal fame—Caesar and Pompey, Cicero and Seneca, Paul and perhaps Peter. Having passed the barrier, we were on the Appian Way—most famous perhaps in the world. It was begun some three hundred years before the Christian era and gradually extended to the seaport of Brundisium. It was the chief way of egress and ingress to the city. Over it emperors passed on their triumphal entries. Along its sides stood the tombs of the great and opulent. It was the main artery of Roman life. But now emperor and empire are gone, the current of life has ebbed away, and only ruins remain. Across the fields we could see the broken arches of ancient aqueducts which once brought water from the Alban mountains to supply the city. And beneath the historic arches Italian plowmen were turning the furrows with stolid indifference. So does familiarity breed contempt.

We stopped at the Catacombs of St. Calixtus, one of those places of sepulture which honeycomb the earth of this section, the burial places of the early Christians. Nothing above ground indicates the presence of the Catacombs except some modern houses erected to serve the guardians of the place. A monk in brown cassock and cord showed us through a section of the tombs. Taking a lighted taper and giving one to each of the party, he led the way down a narrow flight of steps that dropped into the earth. At once we were in Egyptian darkness,

relieved only by the feeble flicker which our tapers cast upon the gruesome walls. The voice of our guide echoed weirdly through the sepulchral silence of these invaded graves. As he held his taper aloft, we could see the niches, tier on tier, hollowed into the walls of the corridors for the reception of the dead. In these niches the bodies were placed, and marble slabs suitably inscribed closed the openings. There are twelve miles of these passages. In time of persecution the Christians took refuge here, and here many of them suffered death at the hands of their enemies, while not a few doubtless lost themselves in the mazes, and perished. Those who have read "The Marble Faun" will recall the weird picture which the author draws of Miriam wandering in the Catacombs. Our guide pointed out the tomb of the martyred St. Cecilia, containing an effigy of the saint, and showed us the wasted mummies of one or two early martyrs. But with these rare exceptions, the Catacombs are as empty as if Gabriel's trump had sounded through the silent ways. Goths and Vandals first sacked the Catacombs during the siege of Rome in the early centuries, and afterward the scattered bones of the saints were gathered and deposited elsewhere. What undreamed changes a thousand years can work. Nero burned the Christians to light his orgies. His successors hunted them to the death. But to-day Rome is Christian, and a statue of the Nazarene's disciple crowns the column which Trojan erected to perpetuate his own glory.

Beside the Appian Way stands a little church founded upon legend. Over its portal are inscribed the words "Domine quo vadis?" Tradition says that Peter, finding persecution too bitter in the Roman capital, fled from the city; but as he was hastening along the way, Christ appeared. On the saint's asking, "Domine quo vadis?—Master, whither goest thou?—the Saviour replied that he was on his way to Rome to endure persecution in the apostle's stead. At this rebuke the fugitive turned back to face his persecutors, and the Master ascended again. The church was built to mark the spot. We stopped and entered the place of worship. On the floor in front of the entrance is a block of marble bearing the deep intaglio of two feet. It is a copy of an original in San Sebastiano, which original, tradition says, is the stone from which Christ ascended, the footprints being his last upon earth. As we stood around the relic with no too reverent curiosity, several of the faithful turned in from the way, and kneeling kissed the stone, crossing themselves and murmuring a morning prayer.

Turning back toward the city, we drove across field to St. Paul's Without the Walls. By this time the morning was well advanced, and that pervasive silence which marks a summer noon was settling over the land. The hot air quivered on the hills. The birds had taken refuge in the hedges. A pedestrian sat in the shadow of a wall. An ox, over-

come by heat, had fallen upon the way, and his anxious owner was standing over him. Our drivers ceased to urge their own steeds, and we jogged along at a moderate gait.

Over the brow of a low hill we caught sight of the great church, a rival of St. Peter's, sitting beside the Tiber. The first impression is one of incongruity. The cathedral seems out of place in the landscape of a countryside, so far from anything of similar proportions. But the visitor must remember that St. Paul's was not built as a place of worship for the people of its vicinity. It was built near where tradition says St. Paul was beheaded, and is a monument to the life and death of the great apostle to the gentiles. It is a world shrine. To it Egypt, England, and Russia have made their contributions. You pass between the splendid granite monoliths that bear up the portico on the Tiber side, push back the padded curtain that closes the entrance, and before you in the subdued light of the sanctuary stretches the nave, one hundred and thirty yards of marble floor polished like a mirror, and on either side double aisles with double rows of granite columns, eighty in number, above whose capitals are the portraits of the popes in mosaic, a long line from Peter to Leo XIII. The emptiness and silence of the great basilica are oppressive. We were alone in the vast expanse of marble beauty, save for a monk who tended the altar and a beggar who asked alms in the midst of this splendor.

Two miles and more through the hills is the Church of the Three Fountains, hidden among the eucalyptus trees. It marks the spot, says legend, upon which St. Paul was executed. In it are preserved the stone pillar to which the apostle was chained and the block on which his head was laid for the axe. Here too are shown the three fountains which sprang up when the martyr's head fell to the earth and bounded away from the block. You do not see the springs, to be sure, for the attendant dips water from hidden sources with long ladle, but many things must be taken on faith in this world. The church is situated in a low, marshy spot, made tenantable by the planting of eucalyptus trees. We lingered under the pleasant shade, and quenched our thirst at the fountain of cool water that burst from the hillside. Looking out over the ardent landscape, we could but wonder why the Romans did not make way with their prisoner inside the city that hot June day in the long ago.

Turning our faces once more toward the city, and passing the spot where Peter and Paul took last leave of each other, we came to the Ostian gate. Just outside this gate is the Pyramid of Cestius; but we had not come to see the Pyramid. Beyond the gate we alighted and entered the Protestant cemetery, which nestles close under the ancient ramparts amid stately cypress trees. Here are sleeping some whose names the world has been unwilling to forget. A marble slab marks the spot where Shelley's heart was buried, and around it the violets are

growing under the soft Italian sky. We plucked a leaf for memory's sake, and thought of the imperishable song which that heart gave to the world in the few short years of its beating. How still it is now under the shade of the trees. Just across the narrow walk is the resting-place of John Addington Symonds, that cheerful spirit, who fought off death till he had rendered a priceless service to the world of letters. In a corner somewhat removed is the grave of John Keats. The poor Italian sexton showed the way, and thanked us for the proffered penny. Little did he know what that spot means to the lovers of English song. A modest monument marks the last resting-place of the poet, and on it are the well-known words, written by him who sleeps under the sod, "Here lies one whose name was writ in water." Beside him is his friend Severn. And over their graves the pines are sobbing, while the ivy keeps their memories green. Of the spot Shelley said prophetically, "It might make one in love with death, to think that one should be buried in so sweet a place." In this cemetery sleeps too Constance Fenimore Woolson. Here they lie, far from the lands which gave them birth. But it matters little where the body rests; "To live in hearts we leave behind is not to die."

Leaving the cemetery, we passed under the shadow of the Palatine hill, where successive emperors had their palaces; where Cicero lived and Cataline and Clodius and many a Roman Senator.

But the glory has departed from the famous hill, and crumbling walls now cumber its slope.

Another day we went down into the Roman Forum, just by the Palatine. We stood on the spot from which Cicero hurled his oration against Catiline—and thereby unwittingly sinned against many a modern schoolboy. We saw the spot where Caesar fell. We walked in the house of the Vestal Virgins. We passed over the site of Caesar's Basilica, and saw the figures which the lazzaroni traced in the still remaining pavement, playing at their games till free corn should be distributed in the streets. About the Forum were once temples to Jove and Saturn and Concord and Castor. Eight columns remain of the temple of Saturn and three of the temple of Castor. All else is gone. The very site of the Rostra has been with difficulty fixed. One shuts one's eyes upon the waste places, while imagination builds up again the teeming life which animated them in the long ago. Is it possible that men will some day mark the site of our Capitol by a few crumbling walls and search in vain for traces of the White House?

Beside the Forum is the Mamertine prison—now become a church. It is generally believed to be the place where Paul was confined, and from which he despatched the Epistles to Timothy. If so, he had ample need of the cloak from Troas, for no ray of light could find its way into that dungeon. There is an upper and a lower dungeon, connected in early times only by a manhole in the floor of the upper.

The prisoner was let down through this hole to await the pleasure of his captors. Tradition, which flourishes in ancient lands, says that both Peter and Paul were confined here; and in support of the story their fetters and the stone post to which they were bound are shown in the lower dungeon. Here too is the spring which leaped up at Peter's bidding when the jailor was converted and water was needed for the baptism. A stairway was cut to the lower cell long after apostolic days; but the guide will point out to you in the stone wall the intaglio of a face, and tell you that it is where Peter struck his head as he was being carried down. Surely he deserved his symbolic name if this be true, hardheaded man that he was. Nor are these the only names that echo from the dark cells of the Mamertine. Here perished the noble Gaul Vercingetorix, a sacrifice to just ambition and Caesar's power. This way Jugurtha, the Numidian king, passed from the stage of action, starved to death in utter darkness a hundred years before the star of Bethlehem. Here the confederates of Cataline met their fate. Here the last defender of Jerusalem, Simon Bar Gioras, suffered death while Titus was celebrating his triumph on the Capitol above. And with them a great host of those whose names have not survived the centuries. The strata of history lie deep upon this spot. When one stands in such a place, the dry bones of the past are clothed with living flesh.

From here we climbed the steep ascent to the Capitol, once the very pinnacle of the world. In

the center of the square is the splendid statue of Marcus Aurelius. But the temple of Jupiter and the other buildings which through successive ages crowned this summit are no more. The very sites are vanished. The visitor of to-day is drawn to the Capitol by its art collection. This contains some of the most precious sculpture extant—the Faun of Praxiteles, from which Hawthorne got his conception of the "Marble Faun"; the Dying Gaul, a work of great power; and the Venus of the Capitol.

We went to St. Peter's once, and then again to see if we could comprehend its immensity. It is scarcely possible to appreciate the size of the edifice, so huge it is, and so intricate are the architectural parts. One never sees it as a unit except at a distance too great for dimensions. There is a copper ball above the dome, which we estimated from the street to be about two feet in diameter. On climbing to it we found that a man could stand upright with three feet space above his head. It is an adage that figures do not lie. Thomas Carlyle said that nothing lies more than figures, unless it be facts. Certainly in the case of St. Peter's this is true. The cross over the high altar is ninety-five feet from the floor. It does not look half the distance. The dome has a pitch of three hundred and eight feet. Looking up from within you would declare the figures false. The church is so large and its walls so massive that changes of weather do not greatly affect the temperature within. The day we visited it was intensely hot; but the mercury stood below eighty

within the portals. A cool draft of air was rushing out of the door as if driven by a giant fan.

One can grow weary simply making the round of the church. There are tombs and monuments innumerable to the popes,—Gregory of calendar fame and the rest,—all in purest Italian marble, and of heroic size. In one place are ten confessionals, each devoted to the use of a separate language, so that pilgrims from the ends of the earth may make confession here in their several tongues. As we passed among them penitents were seeking absolution. Not far away in the nave is the bronze statue of St. Peter, one toe almost gone with the osculations of centuries. As we looked on, three aged women came up, kissed the bronze, bowed their foreheads on it a moment, crossed themselves, and went on their way, yielding place to a man of cultured mien, who performed the same devotions. About the high altar under Michael Angelo's dome the ninety-five ever-burning lamps were sending up their incense, and the intermittent chanting of the priests in the choir was wafted through the forest of mighty columns, ebbing out in vain endeavor to fill the vast cathedral.

Leaving the church, we visited the galleries of the Vatican, passing the rainbow-uniformed guard of the Pope's possessions; for you must remember that since the coming of Victor Emmanuel and United Italy, the papal possessions are limited to St. Peter's and the Vatican. And since that day no pope has passed beyond these narrow limits of his temporal

power. A long flight of stone steps meandering through the conglomerate pile of the Vatican brings you at last to the Stanzas of Raphael and the papal collection. The world travels far to see a few square yards of canvas consecrated by the touch of genius. To only a few men in the flight of centuries is it given to bring the world a new message. Such was the service of this painter from Urbino, dead before the blush of youth was off his cheek. And ever since he laid down the brush artists have been interpreting his message. In the Sistine Chapel are Michael Angelo's marvelous frescoes. What a manifold genius was this Florentine, who after having given up the brush for the chisel, suddenly took the brush again in old age, and mounting to the scaffold, threw across the Sistine ceiling the world's finest frescoes. In the gallery of sculpture, to reach which one makes almost a complete circuit of the church, are the Laocoon and the Apollo Belvedere, by which masterpieces the tourist tide flows steadily.

One of our rambles took us out beyond the Tiber to the Janiculum Hill. It was a pleasant morning. Day clouds drifted across the blue, and zephyrs stirred the tree-tops. We drove leisurely up the winding way, past statues and fountains, to the crest of the hill. Beneath us was the panorama of the city, St. Peter's to the left with the park-crowned Pincio in the background, the Capitoline and Palatine to the right, the level Campagna stretching away to the horizon, and through it all Father Tiber flowing slowly to the sea. Beside us

rose an heroic equestrian statue of Garibaldi, who was to Italy what Bismarck was to Germany. Here overlooking the capital city his country has erected to his memory a monument that may be seen for miles. One face of the pedestal bears a symbol of America—Liberty supported by the winged Mercury of commerce, and by Ceres bearing her sickle and cornucopia. Coming down, we passed Tasso's oak, under the branches of which the poet was wont to sit in contemplation of the city, and where afterward Goethe loved to linger during his stay in Rome.

Another ramble, through the Villa Borghese and the Pincian park, brought new delights, and at its conclusion an amusing experience. The cabman demanded more pay than the tariff justified. When we offered him five and a half lire, he haughtily refused it, and when we laid the money in his cab he ran after us and returned it. We pocketed the change, and told him he could call and get it at his leisure. He climbed five flights of steps twice, the last time bringing a policeman to adjust the difference; and finally got, in accordance with the officer's estimate, five cents less than he had been offered at first. But the Italian hackman cannot exist without excitement, and no doubt he was entirely satisfied.

One can ramble for months in Rome and see something new every day. But the tourist must be satisfied with visits to the most famous places if he would see the treasures which Italy holds in her other cities.

CHAPTER VI

ZIGZAGGING THROUGH ITALY

It was a beautiful morning when we took leave of the Eternal City, en route for Pisa. The sun was just rising over the distant hills as we ran out along the Tiber, bade adieu to St. Paul's Without the Walls, and took a last look at the majestic dome of St. Peter's fading on the far horizon. Surely no traveler ever left Rome without feeling the incompleteness of his sojourn there, or without the hope that some day he might be able to renew his acquaintance with the city of the Caesars. One leaves Rome with the purpose to study more thoroughly its wonderful history, and to come back one of these days better able to appreciate the visible vestiges of its great career. This is one of the rewards of travel—a desire for larger knowledge of things.

Our route took us down the valley of the Tiber almost to ancient Ostia, then turning north, it skirted for hours the ever-changing coast of the Mediterranean, whose waters that morning lay blue as lapis lazuli under the Italian sky. Scarcely a breath of air kissed the surface of the sea, and the waves lapped the shore as lazily as though they, too, had turned lazzaroni for the nonce. Wherever the yellow shoals ran down beneath the waters there

was a wonderful play of color, the deep blue of the sea mingling with the light from the sands below, and shading away iris-like into tints of emerald—while the white crest of a wavelet trembled anon like a pearl on the bosom of the sea. How steadily the old earth held that Cleopatra cup in her hand as she danced along her orbit among the stars.

We ran through a region of beautiful farm lands, the fields rolling gently down to the very water's edge. Here, too, they were ripe to the harvest, and the reapers, men, women, and children, were gathering the golden grain by handfuls with their quaint reap hooks. It was a picture for Millet's brush—in the background the shimmering blue waters, in the foreground the yellow grain with the poppies between and the harvesters in their vari-colored garb. The people are poor. Yet who can tell when a Raphael may rise from among them to throw on canvas these marvelous blendings of color, or a Dante come to sing the song of a soul's deep sorrows. For the gifts of the gods, like the bolts of Jove, fall in unexpected places. We left them at their work with our blessings on them and their country, the woman land, which Browning truly says is loved by all male lands. They have their work under their own sky, and we travelers have ours in the great new world beyond the sunset, whither we must return to the stern duties of life when our season of sight-seeing is done.

Noonday brought us to the little town of Pisa, made famous by a tower that went wry and a man

that went right—the leaning campanile and Galileo Galilei. It was in the cathedral here that Galileo saw the swinging candelabrum, and conceived the idea of measuring time by a pendulum. What deep eyes Galileo and Newton had—through all ages men had seen things swinging or falling, yet it remained for these two men to see and apply the patent principle of nature's object lesson. And for him who has eyes deep enough she still has wonders to reveal.

We made our way on foot through the narrow streets of the town, crossed the bridge that spans the Arno, and came to the cathedral on the farther edge of the place. We climbed the campanile, one hundred and eighty-one feet of leaning marble, with its stories of circling colonnades rising white against the sky. North of us the first sentinels of the Alps were dimly visible through the haze. To the west we could see the waters of the Mediterranean six miles away. Boys that we were, we lay down among the great bells that swing in the arches of the campanile top, and fell asleep under the wooing of the sea breeze. But we were roused by the tongues of the bells before our siesta was done, and gladly enough put more space between us and the clamorous bronze. Having got down, we made our way through the beggars that besieged the door of the cathedral, and stood under Galileo's lamp. We passed thence to the baptistery, saw Pisano's famous pulpit, which has preached more art than religion, paid some soldos to hear the echo of the sexton's voice tossed back and forth beneath the dome, and

went out to purchase a few souvenirs before our train should leave. The campanile leans thirteen feet from the perpendicular, its inclination probably due to the settling of the foundation while the work was in progress. From its leaning side Galileo made his experiments. Besides this group of buildings, including the Campo Santo, there is little of interest in Pisa for the transient tourist. The town, once a power in the Italian peninsula and on the Mediterranean, has now settled into a sleepy city of some fifty thousand people, through which the Arno flows softly, as if not to disturb the dreaming.

The late afternoon train took us to Florence, up the Valley of the Arno. The road runs beside the river all the way, with the foot-hills of the Apennines falling back on either side. The lengthening shadows of evening lent a certain beauty to the landscape. Tall poplars by the riverside threw their shadows across the soft meadows or found mellow reflection from the surface of the water. Stately cypress trees crowned the hills, and on the slopes olive orchards gave a silver touch to the landscape. As we neared Florence the scenes were enlivened by bathers, who disported themselves in the river or basked on the shoals. We reached our hotel on the Piazza del Duomo as the shades of night were falling, and by the time we had refreshed ourselves with some of Tuscany's vintage it was too late to do more than mingle with the crowd upon the Mercato Vecchio, and listen to the music of the military band.

Florence is lovely for situation. To see it in its

setting one must climb the heights of Fiesole. And the very path by which you climb is rich in memories. Half way up is the ancient monastery of San Domenico, the home of Fra Giovanni, now known to the world of art as Fra Angelico. Here he lived in obscurity till called down into the city to adorn the cells of San Marco with those angel forms which have made his name immortal. Not far away, half hidden in the cypress trees, is the villa where Landor spent many years. Beyond these historic spots, beyond the ruins of the old Roman fort and amphitheater, you come to the very summit of the hill, commanding one of the loveliest panoramas in all Italy. Away to the north the Apenines fall back rank on rank. Across the broad valley to the south rise the heights of San Miniato. To the west are the hills of Lucca, through a gap of which flows the river of Etruscan gold. In the very heart of this "island valley of Avilion" lies Florence, shimmering in the sun. As far as the eye can reach the valley is dotted with villas which peep out from their slopes along the Arno. The slopes themselves are touched with the silver of olive trees, and the broad expanse of the valley lies green with the foliage of orchards. Out of the midst of the city, like the stamen from the heart of a lily, rises the Duomo, and beside it Giotto's tower, the cathedral's campanile. Within the circle of those hills have lived Dante and Boccacio, Machiavelli and Michael Angelo, Galileo and Savonarola, Giotto and Raphael—a galaxy of names such as few lands can boast.

When we looked from our windows the first morning in Florence, it was upon that famous group of buildings—the cathedral, the campanile, and the Baptistery. Of these, when we were finally come upon the Piazza, the "Shepherd's Tower" claimed our first attention, rising in delicate beauty straight up against the morning sky, its marbles like the robe of Aurora, the light and the dark with the pink between. This is Giotto's tower, built by the shepherd boy whom one day six centuries ago Cimabue found out on the Etruscan hills drawing one of his sheep upon a stone, and brought home with him to become a greater than himself, this Giotto, before Angelo the master builder. Now, Giotto, when he designed this structure, did not aspire to sky-scraping steeples, but desired to build so that the tower should be in harmony with its purpose, which purpose was to bear the sacred chimes of the cathedral. And well did the builder carry out his design, for the sacredness of the tower is writ upon it in stone so clear that he who runs may read. About the base, not wholly beyond the reach of vandal hands, are twenty-seven exquisite reliefs in marble, the story of the Bible. The first and second represent the creation of man and woman, "male and female created he them"; and the third, their labor, "in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread"; the rest filling out the sacred story.

So in the foundation of the tower was laid stone by stone the wonderful story of man. In the panels above, in like manner, are the seven beatitudes, the

seven symbols of mercy, the seven elements of justice, and the seven sacraments; while higher still in the niches are figures of patriarchs and prophets. Above these rises the square tower in colors of white and pink and black, its faces broken by pointed windows, like pauses that make music of sound.

Where did the shepherd boy learn to mingle such grace, beauty, and endurance? For you must remember as you look up at his tower that its foundation was laid two hundred years before Columbus set sail toward the sunset. Revolutions of Guelph and Ghibelline have beat about its base, republics have risen and fallen in its shadow, yet not one stone has fallen, nor one flaw marred the beauty of its walls. For more than half a millennium its sweet-toned bells have wafted their music down over the city, regardless of discord in the streets.

Beside it and even above it rises the cathedral, the work of Arnolfo and Brunelleschi. It was this dome of Brunelleschi which served Michael Angelo as model when he was called to design a dome for St. Peter's. "I shall build the sister larger," he said, "but not more beautiful." And indeed the dome of the Florence cathedral is second only to that of St. Peter's. But the interior of the church is cold and bare and uninviting.

In front of the cathedral is the Baptistery, San Giovanni, an octagonal building of white and black marble, so ancient that its age is unknown, and yet in a perfect state of preservation. It probably

dates from the sixth century, and tradition says that it superseded a temple to Mars upon the same spot. "The Baptistery of Florence," says Ruskin, "is the last building raised on the earth by the descendants of the workman taught by Daedalus; and the Tower of Giotto is the loveliest of those raised on earth under the inspiration of the men who lifted up the tabernacle in the wilderness. Of living Greek work there is none after the Florentine Baptistery; of living Christian work, none so perfect as the Tower of Giotto." This is the "bella Giovanni" of which Dante sings, the place of his baptism, as it has been of Florentine children since his day. Its doors, when you draw near them in the rush and bustle of the square, are worthy your attention. That one especially which faces the cathedral is a masterpiece. The ten panels of marvelous bas relief which cover the double door all represent Bible scenes. It was these doors that Michael Angelo said "were worthy to be the gates of Paradise." Here they have stood for centuries, with only an iron bar between them and the hackney stand; and the shadow of the Florentine cabby falls upon them as, all unconscious of their beauty, he drives a bargain with the would-be customer. Nor is the stranger always more appreciative, for as we stood beside these "gates," a carriage of visitors paused before them, but when the guide would have explained, one of the company called out, "Drive on, we'll take your word for it."

Beyond this central group of buildings you will

notice, if you lift your eye, a great stern-faced structure from which rises against the sky a square, battlemented tower. It is the Palazzo Vecchio, the senate house of the ancient Florentine Republic in those early days when Venice and Genoa and Pisa and Florence had each a government of its own. What scenes of riot and crime that tower looked down upon in the days of party feud! What schemes for public and private preferment were hatched within its walls!

Here that despot Walter de Brienne was besieged by the outraged citizens in 1342, and from it he was banished when the wrath of the populace had been wreaked upon his confederates. In the tower a hundred and fifty years afterward Savonarola was confined; from it he was led out to torture for conscience' sake, and under its shadow his body was burned in the public square when life had been strangled out. Now that the Republic is gone and the cause of Savonarola is history and Guelph and Ghibelline are but names, the old palace has become a museum where the footfall of the tourist alone wakens the echoes. It is almost a desecration of such spots to make of them mere tarrying places on the highways of travel. Not many of those who come and go through its portals know aught of the history it has made. They look upon it with passing interest.

Near by is the Bargello, once the seat of the chief criminal magistrate of the city, now become the "National Museum," it too, like the Duomo and the

Palazzo, the work of Arnolfo. What builders the Florentines were in the tumultuous days of their youth. But their palaces are empty now. You may find in their chambers specimens of the work of that departed life, as you may find mother-of-pearl in the empty shell; but in both cases the worker has laid down his tools. Here in the Bargello you may see Donatello's Saint George and John of Bologna's Winged Mercury and a varied collection of art from other hands, Della Robbia among the rest; all come out of the Middle Ages. Florence of to-day seems to content herself with the works of her former sons. Her right hand has lost its cunning, and the world turns aside to the ancient city for the things she achieved in her youth.

But those achievements were well-nigh enough for the life of one city, as you will feel when you turn your steps—for you ought to do your sight-seeing on foot in Florence—to another building near by the Arno shore. It is Santa Croce Church, built some six hundred years ago by Franciscan monks; known now as the Westminster Abbey of Florence, where her mightiest dead are buried. You pass the portal and come first to a marble tomb which you recognize by the bronze bust above it as that of Michael Angelo, greatest of sculptors and architects. Above the tomb are figures in heroic size by his pupils, representing architecture, painting, sculpture, and song, in all of which the master excelled. The old man died in Rome, and the Pope desired him to be buried there, but the Florentines, jealous of their city's

fame, took away the body secretly and brought it to rest here in the place of his nativity.

Over against this is the tomb of Galileo, with a statue of the astronomer, telescope in hand, looking steadfastly up to the heavens. The Florentines honor him now whom in his day they were not wise enough to understand. For when he proclaimed that the earth moves about the sun, he was sternly ordered to recant the heresy under pain of fire. Tradition says that having recanted in the face of inquisition, he muttered as he passed out, "But she moves all the same." How long it has taken men to learn that the facts of God are not affected by the words of men! Galileo knew it, and Gamaliel knew it of old.

Near these tombs is a monument to Dante, and on the square before the church another of heroic size. Him, too, the passionate Florentines drove out in their partisan hate, and now they would honor. Verily, we build the sepulchres of the prophets which our fathers killed. But his ashes lie in quiet Ravenna, which became to him a city of refuge when his own city had cast him out; nor will Ravenna yield the precious dust to penitent Florence. Beside the monument to the poet is the tomb of Machiavelli, greatest of Italian statesmen—"greater than all eulogy," says the Latin inscription.

One marvels how Florence could have wrought so well in the serene spheres of art and science while her streets resounded with internecine strife. Did these old Florentines work, like the ancient

Hebrews on the walls of Jerusalem, a sword in one hand and a tool in the other? Or did they go quietly about their work, as did Goethe and Schiller in a later age, heedless of the strife which surged about them?

Of all cities in the world Florence is the shrine at which the lover of art fain tarries longest. Her collection of paintings is unsurpassed. Besides her two splendid galleries, the Uffizi and the Pitti, and her Academy of Fine Arts, there are half a dozen churches and monasteries whose art treasures would distinguish any of our New World galleries. The British government recently paid $375,000 for a single fair piece of Raphael's work. Reckoning by that standard Florence is a multi-millionaire, for her galleries contain a score of Raphael's paintings, among the best from his brush. Indeed, one can hardly turn in the Uffizi or the Pitti without coming upon a Titian or a Dolci or a Murillo or a Veronese or a Correggio, or some work from a master hand.

Yet for all such a gallery offers, the time spent there by the tourist often yields the poorest returns. The traveler who comes to Florence without ever having devoted an hour to the subject of art will find only a wearisome repetition of colors on even the walls of the Pitti palace. He walks through five hundred years of art in an hour, and wonders why it grows so irksome. Art demands time and attention. It is not to be understood by the untrained eye; it is not to be mastered on a summer day. One may study a single piece of art with una-

bating pleasure for an entire morning, but to attempt a gallery in that time is futile. And yet, one morning when we were strolling through the Academy, there passed us a company of sight-seers who had already that day gone through the Uffizi and the Pitti. What a marvel of composite impression they must have carried away. It reminds one of Jerome's confession that he got so accomplished in the "doing" of picture galleries that he made a hundred yards in twenty-seven seconds. Some of our own party congratulated themselves on the fine weather; a shower might have driven them into an art gallery, they said.

One must admit that there is a great sameness in the subjects of Italian art. Madonnas, martyrs, saints, and angels about sum up the list, with a myth thrown in now and then by some daring spirit. Saint Sebastian faces you at every turn, looking ecstatically up to Heaven, quite heedless of the arrows that bristle from his body almost as thick as porcupine quills. And the pictures of the Nativity often appear comical to the irreverent eye. The novice marvels that such crude conceptions should be hung here for the admiration of men. There, for instance, is one with the chubby babe lying prone on its back in the middle of a grass-plot robed in innocency, the mother and various other females kneeling at a respectful distance, their hands and eyes directed heavenward and impossible expressions on their faces—the donkeys and demure cows being the only members of that worshipful

circle who pay the least attention to the child. The whole thing is superlatively unnatural. But if the spectator would appreciate the painting, he must not judge it by the standards of to-day. He must remember that this artist lived before the slogan of "art for art's sake" had been sounded, and that his aim was probably not to delight the eye, nor to appeal to the aesthetic side of men; but rather to teach that the birth at Bethlehem was so august that in its presence woman's tenderness and mother's love were sunk in reverence. Yonder too is a three-storied picture of the last judgment, with hell, earth, and heaven in ascending stages, the blessed borne up by angel cohorts, and the damned driven to the flames by winged devils with barbed forks. A hideous, revolting scene altogether, with poor perspective and worse proportion. But again the critic must bear in mind that the painting came out of an age which believed far more firmly than does ours in the reality of all these things; the artist's purpose was to preach a sermon rather than to paint a picture.

The visitor to these Florentine galleries must recollect that art is an expression of life, and that a history of art, such as the Uffizi gallery, is also in a way the history of those centuries out of which it has come. With this understanding, though one may be ignorant of the technique of art, he may spend many hours in the galleries of Florence, and with ever-increasing admiration. He will understand then the multiplied madonnas and martyrs.

He will see then how the church, by means of these illuminated missals, instilled its teachings into the minds of the masses—for well-nigh all Italian painting of the Middle Ages was done in the shadow of the church. He will be able then to read in the deepening backgrounds of successive schools the growing interest of men in the natural world about them.

And besides all this, there will often come to the wanderer in these halls the vision of forgotten pages out of his own life history, as here and there the chords of memory are touched. Yonder, for instance, is "The Madonna of the Chair," a print of which hung on the walls of mother's room in the long ago, and there is "David," associated with a much-thumbed book of schoolboy days. Here is "Venus de Medici" her very self, with her hands so awkwardly held, to whom we were first introduced in the days of our Greek Mythology. And here is the original little boy with the thorn in his foot. They take us back over the sea of waters and of time to the old home and the halo-circled days. We dream before them for a moment, looking through them to the departed years, and wake up to pass on into the years when these days too shall be halo-circled pictures hanging on memory's walls.

And wandering through the galleries one often finds unexpected lights thrown upon the individual lives of the old masters. In the Uffizi, for instance, you see the finished work of men whose names are

written high in the halls of fame, work so perfect that it seems to have blossomed upon the canvas without effort, like the beauty of the rose. But down toward the end of the long corridor, if you will take the trouble to find it, is a collection of sketches by these masters, Michael Angelo, Titian, Raphael, and the rest. And looking upon these studies in pen and pencil, these chips from the master's workshop, you may learn the great lesson that labor is the price which even genius must pay for proficiency. There are countless figures which Raphael drew and rejected in preparing his designs, labor that had to be done before brush was touched to canvas in execution of work which the world admires to-day. What infinite toil lies behind every painting that hangs on those walls!

But Florence is not all art and architecture. Coming out of the Uffizi, you may stroll along the Lungarno where Tito used to lounge in the days of "Romola," and where the Florentines of high and low estate still delight to sun themselves. You may cross Taddeo Gaddi's ancient bridge, the Ponte Vecchio, and pause at leisure among the shops that line it on either side—goldsmiths' shops they were in the prosperous days of Cosimo I, now become booths for gewgaws and fruits. You may pass on to the house where Robert Browning and his wife spent many happy years, the house of "Casa Guidi Windows," with the Pitti Palace across the sloping square, that palace which Lucca Pitti, a vain old

Florentine, so the story runs, ordered his architect to build him here upon the heights, of such dimensions that the palace of his rival Strozzi might be set in its court—and was pauperized by his envy.

Nor should you fail to visit at some time the San Lorenzo church, where, over the tombs of the Medici, you will see the finest work from Michael Angelo's chisel. And passing from there through the Via Cavour, you will come to San Marco, Savonarola's monastery, which, by virtue of this monk's unquenchable zeal for righteousness, just missed being the cradle of the Reformation. In the Prior's cell are preserved a few sacred relics, his crucifix and breviary, one of his sermons, his hair-shirt, and a fragment from the pile on which his body was burned that May day in 1498.

Then turning from the deeds of dead Florence, you may loiter through the streets of the living city, and lose yourself for the moment in their maze while you drift with the sluggish tide or pause in an eddy to watch it flow past. You may drop into a restaurant at noon for a dish of macaroni fixed up in true Italian style. You may drive various bargains with shopkeepers for souvenirs, and always carry away the feeling that the native got the best of the bargain. You may take your excursions to the heights of San Miniato and down the lovely riverside park. It may be you will go further afield to the convent of Vallombrosa nestling among the great hills.

And when the days of your sojourn have been numbered, you will pack your knapsack, and turn your back with reluctance upon the Lily of the Arno, taking with you a memory of this Tuscan city which will grow sweeter with the flight of years.

CHAPTER VII

THE ISLAND CITY

From Florence to Venice—from the city of the Medici to the city of the Doges. It is a highway of tourist travel. And justly so, for the Lily of the Arno and the Queen of the Adriatic are twin stars in the heavens of Italian history, each incomplete without the other, so like and yet so different; to be taken together always if the traveler would understand them separate.

And the very way which binds them is in keeping with these homes of art and history. It is a panorama of scenic beauty, linked with names about which are crystallized the stories of ages. Scarcely is the valley of the Arno left behind, when you are lost in the gorges of the Apenines. Up, up you wind along the flanks of the ancient hills, ever higher. The verdant valleys sink beneath you and their rivers, shimmering like lines of light, slope swiftly toward the plains. How quiet the valleys lie there under the sun in the lap of the great mountains, their solitude scarce disturbed by the scream of the locomotive. You watch the gliding landscape, till suddenly it is blotted out by the Egyptian darkness of a tunnel. In a moment another no less beautiful takes its place as you emerge again. At one point the tunnels succeed

each other so closely that the whole train is rarely visible. One minute you are in the realm of gnome and elf, the next you are in that of Ariel and the spirits of the air, as the train rushes under the mountains or leaps the chasms between. Crowning a rocky height above you like an eagle's nest is the lonely home of some brotherhood, the very ascent to which would be penance enough for ordinary sins. Far down in the valley are the scattered huts of the hardy mountaineer. And through the vista of the hills you catch fleeting glimpse of the cities of the plain. Panorama succeeds panorama, the shifted scenes of a great stereoscope where Nature herself paints the slides.

So we climbed the slope of the Apenines on a summer day. And so, when their crest was turned, we glided down the other side along the lovely valley of the Reno, passed out through the gap with its sparkling waters, and came to Bologna as the slant rays of the stooping sun began to project mountain shadows across the northern plain. Half an hour for refreshment in this historic city, and we were off again, for the vision of Venice lured us—this time athwart the level valley of the Po, with the hills receding behind us. The sun was setting as the pinnacles of Ferrara came into view, and as we crossed the river the landscape was bathed in the afterglow of sunset. Ancient Padua was wrapped in the mantle of night as our train passed through on its way to the island city of Italy. Finally Mestre, the last station on the mainland, was left

behind, the train ran out upon the long viaduct, and the lights of the distant city began to twinkle across the dark waters.

We had crossed viaducts before, miles of them, through monotonous wastes of water; commonplace things they were, resting on vulgar piers of stone, mere links in practical railroad lines. Not so with this one. It is no convenience for commerce. It is an ethereal thing, bridging the gulf between reality and dreamland. It is five hundred years long, for all you cross it in thirty minutes—one end of it resting in the twentieth century and the other in the fifteenth. From childhood we had cherished a vision of Venice and her viaduct, but we never thought of them as resting on anything material—they were like the New Jerusalem and Jacob's ladder, such stuff as dreams are made of. And all these years we had been looking forward to the day when we might dream ourselves across the sleepy lagoons into the mystic city. How we pored over "Stones of Venice," as John Ruskin bore us on the wings of imagination through the shadowy aisles of St. Mark's Rest and down the long corridors where the spirits of the Doges linger. What happy hours we spent with Mr. Howells, studying the wonderful lights and shades of "Venetian Life." With Hopkinson Smith we had glided on noiseless oar through entrancing "Gondola Days." With Mrs. Oliphant we had drifted back to those distant times when "The Makers of Venice" were building up here on the shifting shoals of the Adriatic a

mighty city. We had lived in Venice by anticipation, and got, so to speak, a bowing acquaintance with her great men and their great deeds. But we felt there was something wanting, for all the descriptions of gifted pen. Our Venice lacked that softness and color and glow and individuality which come only to him who looks upon her with his own eyes, who has seen the sun rise beyond the bay and set beneath a lambent sky across the still lagoons, who has watched the play of color on the marbles of St. Mark's and the Doges' Palace, who has seen the fishing boats turn home at evening through an amber sea, who has mingled with the throng upon the Piazza under a starlit sky, and drifted by night through shadowy canals. The Venice of books is like one of Turner's pictures with the colors left out. All these years we had been looking at reprints and sketches. Now we had come to see the original in its subtle beauty.

With what eager feet we stepped from the train and made our way through the crowd of the great station. A dash of disappointment cooled our ardor as a liveried collector, fresh from the twentieth century, demanded our tickets at the gate, and the same clamorous crowd of porters besieged us. Finally, with what dampened expectations we had broken through their ranks, and were in the open air. It was night. The stars twinkled overhead, and before us halo-circled lights struggled through the darkness, some of them dancing hither and thither like will-o'-the-wisps. We paused and put

our luggage down on the pavement in bewilderment. Where was the city? It was so still out there in the semi-darkness. No roll of carriages nor rush of electric cars nor clash of iron hoofs upon the stone; only a noise out of the night as of the lazy lapping of water. Our very nostrils got wind of a new experience, for the damp air was laden with the unmistakable odor of ebb-tides and salt and seaweed. When our eyes were adjusted to the dark, we found ourselves at the top of a long terrace of stone steps, on the lowest of which water was washing, and through the gloom we made out dimly the silhouettes of gondolas riding like black swans upon the soft-heaving water. One of them glided noiselessly to the landing. We stepped into its yielding bottom, while an aged oarsman with hooked stick steadied the light craft to our service, holding out his weather-beaten hat for a soldo. Our gondolier, erect in the darkness behind us, bent to his oar. The blade dipped noiselessly into the black water. And we were taking our first gondola ride in Venice.

Up the Grand Canal—the city's Broadway—we passed, through a multitude of boats coming and going as silently as our own. Marble palaces looked down upon us from either side, the pallor of their aged faces heightened by the soft light of the stars. We were drifting through spirit-land, and these were but the spectres of palaces, haunted by spirits of the long-departed. Under the spell of Venice

we had spanned the gulf of centuries. Here was the Ca' d'Oro; and farther on the palaces of the Contarini and Foscari, Doges of Venice in their day. What intrigues were hatched behind those marble doors! What joys and sorrows found entrance there! For every lover of Venice knows the tragic story of Doge Foscari, who, compelled by the Council to pronounce sentence of banishment on his own son, was found guilty of imbecility for shedding tears, and deposed from his high office. Here in this palace by the Grand Canal he died of broken heart as the bells of San Marco announced the election of his successor. And well-nigh every palace beside these waters could tell its tragic story, were the mute mouths of its marble statues gifted with speech.

We passed under the wide span of the famous Rialto, about which linger the ghosts of Shylock and Portia, Antonio and his friend Bassanio. Then suddenly the prow of our gondola turned about the corner of an ancient palace, and we were lost in the mazes of the side canals. Through the shadows of houses that crowd the water-way, and under the spectral arch of many a connecting bridge, we glided. The swish of the gondolier's oar and the lapping of water against walls and marble steps served but to intensify the silence, which was broken anon by the warning cry of the dusky oarsman as he bent his prow about a corner or greeted a fellow spectre on the noiseless way. And when we had slipped through many a shadowy, spirit-haunted

aisle, our Charon brought his boat to rest beside the Stygian shore, and we went up the damp stone steps to dwell for a season in the city of our dreams.

Our moderate purse had forced us to turn from the great hotels for lodging more in keeping with our means—fortunately the delights of Venice do not lie behind gilded doors. With the help of Baedeker we had chosen the Deutsches Heim as a moderate home, and had engaged our lodging in advance. The entrance, in a narrow way, is not promising, and the winding three-story flight of steps is even less so. But we were up at last, our gondolier laboring after us with the luggage. Our rooms were ready, and we were ready for our rooms—it was just past noon when our train left Florence, and the way had been fatiguing, for all its beauty and interest. We entered and made a hasty survey of our quarters. The tiled floor was polished. The snowy bed was inviting with its canopy net—and we were tempted to turn in at once, reserving for the morrow any further acquaintance with the island city. But a light through the curtained windows attracted our attention, and we walked across the room to take a peep from this eyrie outlook. We put aside the curtains—and instantly fatigue was forgotten. Before us lay altogether the loveliest sight of Europe. The window opened upon a balcony just beside the clock-tower of St. Mark's. Before us, its angel-guarded arches on a level with our windows, was the Church of San Marco, touched into peculiar beauty at this hour by

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the mingled starlight and street-light, a forest of graceful columns lifting upon their carved capitals wave on wave of arches, from which the saints in purest marble look down, and every wave inlaid with mosaics of inexpressible beauty. Beyond the church we caught first sight of the Doges' Palace, its facade of marvelous beauty reflecting in soft tones the light from the square below. And farther yet, at the very bottom of the Piazzetta, two columns stood up against the background of night, on the capitals of which the winged lion of St. Mark's and Saint Theodore stand guard at the gateway of Venice. Out between these gateless posts we caught sight of shimmering waters and gondolas coming and going. Beneath us was the Piazza of St. Mark's, brilliant with a thousand lights and animate with a vast throng of people, who massed about the band stand, or promenaded under the colonnades, or regaled themselves at the sea of tables before the restaurants, or joined the tide of the Piazzetta. And around the festive scene the facades of marble palaces, their lights and shadows so softened by night as to make them seem pictures painted on canvas walls.

Making a hasty toilet, we went down to dip our first taste of Venetian life from high tide of an evening on St. Mark's Square. We fell into the circling current and drifted about the Piazza to the music of a real Italian band. Dark-haired signorinas looked out from under their lashes at us in passing, and mademoiselles from beyond the Alps

coquetted with gaily uniformed officers in the freedom of the open air. It was a cosmopolitan crowd. Now a group passed talking in true American, and now one speaking the German tongue. Greeks were mingled with the throng, and dusky orientals from the farther shores. Sailors too, whose ships had put in here from the four corners of the globe. We took seats at one of the tables before Florian's—the Delmonico of Venice—and gave our orders to the immaculate waiter, who speaks as many tongues as he has fingers on a hand. While we supped under a full night of stars, the gay throng surged back and forth around us, and the air was tremulous with music. This then was Venice—the romantic city, the *dolce far niente* Venice of our dreams. Only, the half had never been told. Time sped unheeded in this midsummer night's dream, till the two bronze giants of the clock-tower proclaimed the midnight hour. The crowd ebbed out of the Piazza, and we climbed to our rooms to dream over again these first hours of our stay in Venice.

The next morning we were awakened by these same giants, just as the level rays of the sun were touching into fire the gilded globes on the pinnacles of St. Mark's and kissing the marble lips of the angels. We went down to take an early bath in the soft air of this quasi-fairyland. The square was almost deserted. On the Piazzetta under the shadow of the Doges' Palace an artist was trying to catch on canvas the sunrise tints of Venice, while

a group of ragamuffins looked over his shoulder. By the flagstaffs some tourists were feeding the pigeons, which fluttered about the heads of their passing patrons, or swept like an ashen cloud down the broad expanse of the deserted square, or circled in the sunlight about the pinnacles of the church, or paused for a moment among the arches to preen their iridescent plumage. The old vender of popcorn, as constant in his place as the bronze pedestals of the flagstaffs and almost as ancient of mien, sat with his basket of cornucopias ready to serve us as long as our soldos and the appetites of the feathered throng held out. Down beyond the columns of the Piazzetta a few gondolas lay at their moorings, their owners lounging on the quay or gossiping in groups under the noble arches of the Liberia Vecchia.

But we turned from these to that central stone of Venice, St. Mark's, rising in a vision of beauty out of the level pavement of the square, its multitudinous tints of marble and porphyry and serpentine mingling in the soft light of morning with the rich colors of its mosaics; its arches mounting above each other wave on wave; its four Greek horses over the central portal, their necks arched in the pride of strength and their nostrils distended; above on a star-spangled field of blue the winged lion of St. Mark—all this wealth of color and form framed in by a filagree of palm-leaves and lilies and the bending forms of angels; and over all, lifted high against the azure background of sky, St. Mark himself, the aureole of apotheosis about his brow.

As we passed into the church—for now its bronze portals were thrown open to the light of a new day and to the morning worshiper—we read in illuminated story in mosaics of the alcove arches the tradition of St. Mark, how his body was rescued by miracle from the land of the infidels, brought in triumph across the sea, and received by worshipful Venetians into their own city with solemn pageant. Having got past the portal and the historic spot where some seven centuries and more ago the fierce Barbarossa was reconciled to the Pope kneeling here upon the cold stones of St. Mark's rest, and our eyes having become adjusted to the "dim, religious light" of the interior, we forgot the broken tiling of the floor and the chilly air, in contemplation of the vision of loveliness which dawned out of the semi-twilight. Above there rose in mingled grace and strength the vaults and arches and domes, a marvel of hammered gold, for the ceiling of the cathedral is inlaid with a solid mosaic of yellow glass. And into this field of gold are wrought in mosaics of black fragments of the sacred story,—not words, for this work was done before the days of Gutenberg and the printed page, but pictures,—a vast illuminated manuscript which all could read, spread above the worshiper. Here is the fourth chapter of Matthew, the forty days in the wilderness,—the devil offering stones to be made bread, the pinnacle of the temple, the exceeding high mountain with the kingdoms of the world, and after that the devil fleeing and angels descending out of the golden sky. What child could

not read in this wonderful picture-book the oft-told story, while its mother bowed at the altar and counted her rosary. Yonder, forming another line of the illuminated page, is the triumphal entry into Jerusalem, the Master upon the ass's colt, the people spreading their garments in the way, while those who follow and those who surge out of the city gates cry hosanna!—and the Pharisees look on with scowling faces. So, too, are written here the stories of the Old Testament, the tablets of stone, the offering of Abraham, the wrestling of Jacob, and the rest.

In and out beneath this intricate beauty the modern Venetian passes to his devotions, bows before the altar all unconscious of this "holiness of beauty," counts his rosary, murmurs his pater-nosters, joins in the chanted Latin of the priests, and when he has touched his fingers in the font, passes out to a life as empty as his prayers. While we lingered in the shadow of the arches an unkempt woman entered, knelt upon the naked stone, and covering her disheveled head with her dirty shawl, sought absolution for her sins. And when she had dropped her copper coin into the treasury, she kissed the foot of the bronze Christ, and her babe beside her was lifted to dip its finger in the purifying water and touch its lips to the common crucifix. The next moment they were lounging about the pedestals of the marble columns without the door, waiting to catch a chance centesimo. The tourist with his red Baedeker passed unchallenged between the worshiper and the altar; yea, for the compensa-

tion of half a lira he could enter the very holy of holies. Guides from the square besieged us here in the sanctuary, and offered to describe in an hour all this art in stone and mosaic and pigment which for six centuries the greatest masters had brought as offerings to the altar of the church. How pitiful it is! The church which was built to consecrate the resting-place of St. Mark, and upon which were lavished centuries of devoted talent and wealth, is no longer a place of worship, save to the few, but simply a museum of mosaics.

Beside San Marco stands the Ducal Palace, where in the days of republican Venice the doge resided and the Councils of State were held—the symbols of temporal and spiritual power side by side here on the city's square. We passed under the storied arcades of sculptured marble, entered the gate beautiful, the Porta della Carta, traversed the inner court, and ascended the Scala dei Giganti, "the finest open staircase in the world." At the head of these stairs the doges were crowned in the presence of the multitude assembled on the pavement below; and here, according to tradition, upon this coronation spot, Doge Faliero lost his head at the hands of this same people when his treason had been uncovered. We mounted the Golden Stair, and were in the council chambers of the ancient republic. Here is the Sala del Collegio, where diplomats of foreign powers were presented to the Doge. Here is the Senate Chamber, where the "Council of Kings" was wont to assemble for its deliberations. And near by

is the Chamber of the Council of Ten, that terrible decemvirate, that Committee of Public Safety, who "held authority over the other councils, and privately investigated and punished all state crimes"—their methods hinted at by the Bocca di Leone, the Lion's Mouth in the wall, a sort of secret letter-box, through whose narrow mouth slipped the fate of many an unsuspecting citizen while he slept. What dark deeds were wrought here in the name of justice and the public weal! If you have a taste for uncanny things, you may see the suffocating cells under the leaden roof where political prisoners were held, and in the niche of a wall the executioner's block, and the Bridge of Sighs leading to the damp, evil-smelling, rayless cells beyond, where the death watch was kept till the silent waters of the canal should close over the last act of the tragedy.

The lover of Venice can but compare her present with her departed greatness. It is as if the Amazon had turned back to her dolls. Once she sat here the crowned queen of the Adriatic. Her fleets of merchantmen whitened the inland sea and found their way to the farthest haven. Her merchants were princes—captains of industry in their day. She controlled the trade of the Indies. Her ships of war were a power on the Mediterranean and a warning to her rivals. Her influence was felt throughout the then western world.

It was a citizen of Venice, Marco Polo, who became the first explorer. Catching the spirit of his city, he set out across the uncharted continent of

Asia, traveled the fabled realm of the great Khan, and returned after many years to excite the minds of his countrymen with those tales of marvel which win our hearts to this latest day. It was this same citizen of Venice who brought back to the western world some six hundred years ago first vague news of islands lying in the shoreless waters beyond the land of the Mogul—the same islands that have troubled Russia so grievously since. What a wonderful story-teller this Marco must have been, and how eagerly the Venetian youth must have gathered about him to hear account of his wanderings—for these were days when the earth was new. Looking back from our age of globe-trotters, one almost envies Marco and his fellows that flush of novelty that made the stories glow. For what with kodak and tourist chronicle the jungles of Africa, the islands of the sea, and even the snow fields about the poles have become commonplace.

But the sun of Venetian supremacy has long since set. She thinks no more of war galleys, except on the day of Italian assizes. Her fleets of trade have sailed over the horizon rim for the last time. Her merchant princes have given place to the keepers of shops who offer mosaics and coral beads and post-cards to the tourist. The descendants of Marco Polo are content to linger about the Piazza or float in the sluggish lagoons. From a world power Venice has become a dreamy Italian city.

But for all her decadence in the world of commerce and diplomacy, the Island City still wields a

power unique among the cities of the earth. She holds a place undisputed in the realm of the beautiful. And if you can claim citizenship in that realm, you may still feel the sway of her sceptre. When you have surrendered yourself to the loveliness of St. Mark's and the Doges' Palace, when you have reveled away many a morning there among marbles and mosaics and immortal paintings—some day you may take gondola at the foot of the Piazzetta for a visit to other shrines. Gliding across the sunlit water, the oar of your gondolier dripping liquid diamonds at every stroke, you turn into the mouth of the Grand Canal, pass the noble Church of the Salute, and touch the western bank where the new iron bridge spans the channel. Pass through the group of children that are playing on the open space, decline the service of guides, and enter the building on the farther side. It is the Academy of Fine Arts. Mount the double staircase that leads up from the entrance, and you are in one of the great galleries of mediaeval art. Down the long corridor you catch sight of Titian's famous "Assumption," the Virgin borne up on a cloud of cherubs, while the apostles look on in adoration. And when you, too, have paid your homage, you may pass on to Veronese's "Supper in the House of Levi" and such works of Tintoretto and Carpaccio and the rest as may be best to your liking, not forgetting the "Legend of Saint Ursula." And when you have wandered at will through corridors and cabinets full of paintings from a hundred gifted hands

and have come to "The Presentation of the Virgin," which Ruskin characterizes as "simply the most stupid and uninteresting picture ever painted by Titian," you may pass out through a side door to your gondola. And now, if you are not already weary with looking at pictures, have your oarsman row you down the Canal past the palace where Robert Browning died—you will know it by the tablet to his memory—and through the side canal to the Scuola di San Rocco, "one of the three most precious buildings in Italy," according to Ruskin. It is the sanctuary of Tintoretto, where "the little dyer," as he was called in derision of his father's trade, wrought for eighteen years, leaving behind him pictures whose fame was to be fadeless. There you will find the "Annunciation" and the "Crucifixion"—among the greatest of all art—and with them many other works from the same brush,—hanging there in the dim light of the great halls, their colors darkened by time and the damp touch of the Venetian air, but their beauty and power still unimpaired. You will linger long before them there in the cool and quiet of Tintoretto's retreat, to study the startled expression of the Virgin as the awful announcement of her maternity is made to her by the angel messenger, to contemplate the manifold pictures which the artist has blended into his story of the Crucifixion. And when you have left San Rocco with a promise to come back again, you may drift at hazard through the cross canals, visiting any of the ninety-nine churches of Venice

that lie along the way, for every church of the Venetian is a gallery of art.

Thus the days passed for us in the Island City like the shifting scenes of a dream. We fell under the *dolce far niente* spell of the city, and gave ourselves up for hours together to idle dreaming while the boatman drove his craft leisurely through the lights and shadows of the sluggish water-ways. While we lingered, the city put on her gala dress in honor of the Festa del Redentore, which occurs on the third Sunday in July. From lagoon and mainland visitors poured in to be present at the great annual festival. On Saturday evening preceding the religious observance there was to be a secular demonstration before the Church of the Redeemer on the broad Guidecca Canal which separates the island of that name from the city. A bridge of boats had been thrown across the canal for the convenience of pedestrians, and over it as the evening drew on a ceaseless stream of pleasure-seekers poured back and forth between the Piazza and the island. The water was alive with gondolas. When the day had gone out in the west, and only the stars and the rising moon shed their light upon the festal scene, we went down to the foot of the Piazzetta, engaged the service of a stalwart young gondolier for the evening, and set out across the bay to the festal waters. It was a scene fit for Romeo and Juliet. You would have thought a myriad iridescent fireflies were swarming in the summer night as the gon-

dolas glided through the gloom, their paper lanterns dancing minuets with their reflection on the waters. Every boat was headed toward one central point, the brilliant Guidecca shore which gleamed through the darkness across the star-spangled bay. The still night air trembled with the ring of laughter and with songs from various tongues. As we drew near the illuminated shore we could make out words and symbols written in points of light against the background of darkness. Then we were in the midst of the festal scene. Craft of every kind that could be propelled by oar was there, and every one filled to the gunwale with exuberant humanity. Here was a family that had brought refreshments, and with some friends was having a house party under the open sky. Over yonder were gaily uniformed naval officers come from the battleship at anchor in the harbor. There was a crowd of bourgeois, men and women, come from the lagoons in a clumsy old scow of a boat, but just as happy as that select company come from the Grand Canal with their own liveried gondolier. In another boat a lover was basking in the smiles of his dulcinea. And a bevy of fair daughters of Columbia were reclining in their gondola under the soft light of the lanterns. A great float lit with a thousand tapers served as band-stand, and from it strains of music were wafted over the water. Suddenly in the midst of this merriment a shout went up as a rocket shot across the sky. With one impulse every boat surged that way. Then for the space of half an hour the sky was ablaze with

pyrotechnic display, as if Vulcan had thrown against the walls of heaven all the garnered sparks of his anvil in challenge to Jove. Then the stars shone down unrivaled once more, the band played out its repertoire, and the throng melted away on the waters.

But time passes, even in dreamy Venice, and the hour of our departure was finally at hand. We looked out upon St. Mark's and the Piazza for the last time as the pigeons were flying down to their morning meal and the level sun was lighting up palace and pinnacle. Once more we passed down the Grand Canal. As our train ran out upon the long viaduct the white gulls at rest on the still lagoon seemed suspended between two Italian skies. Slowly the city melted back into the morning mists, and the Venice of our dreams had become the Venice of memory.

CHAPTER VIII

TO THE TOP OF THE WORLD

On boarding the train at Venice, we found the second-class compartments, for which our tickets called, all occupied. We took seats therefore in a first-class compartment till our conductor should come along to help us out. He did not put in his appearance for more than an hour, and then insisted on making us pay extra for first-class accommodation. This we flatly refused to do, despite the swelling dignity of the uniform—it was no fault of ours, we had asked for second-class, and could not find it. There is nothing quite equal to the arrogant superiority of a European official, unless it be the fabled jackdaw in peacock feathers. He fumed, and we reiterated—all in French, except for the American and Italian which boiled over now and then in the course of controversy from excess of escaping steam. Not a soldo would we pay. What! withstand the Italian railroad in the person of its bedizened official! He would keep our tickets then. Now, that would seem to an American the one thing he ought to do under any circumstance. But in Europe the conductor only examines the tickets; they are taken up by the guard at the station where you alight. It was important, therefore, for us to

have the tickets in order to get through the station at Milan. We finally agreed to leave the matter to the officials in that city. On reaching there, we went to the office of claims in the great station—the American and the conductor. A man in uniform mostly red looked over the desk as the conductor gave his version of the affair, with interpolations from the American by way of punctuation. The official then asked if we refused to pay. To which we replied in the affirmative. "Well," said he, "you will have to give your name to the police, and the Italian Government will sue you through its consul in America." That was unexpected fame, and cheaply bought at that. To be sued by a whole government, and for two dollars! We readily assented to that way of adjusting the difficulty, and the blanks and police officer were forthcoming. Then began the amusing part. The officer wanted to know where and when we were born, what our father's name was, where he resided, where we ourselves were when we were at home. Our mind lapsed into examinations for life insurance, and we offered to tell what our grandparents died of, and how often we had had the measles; but those data did not seem essential to the prospective suit. When the blanks had been properly filled and witnessed, we received the tickets, and went on our way rejoicing. So the tedium of travel is relieved by lively experiences of the way.

The traveler stops at Milan for two things at least—Da Vinci's "Last Supper" and the Cathe-

dral—two masterpieces of art in this, the most commercial Italian city. Several centuries ago, while Columbus was sailing uncharted seas, Leonardo da Vinci tarried a season here in the Lombard capital under the tutelage of the Duke of Milan, and to while away his time when not playing the flute at court, he painted a picture for the Dominican monks in the refectory of the little church, Santa Maria delle Gracie. Time and the dampness of the wall have almost obliterated the painter's work; yet thousands turn aside yearly from the tourist tide to pay their respects here to the fading masterpiece.

The Cathedral is one of the great churches of the world. It is built of marble, roof and all, and adorned with more than two thousand marble statues. The stone filagree work of the ceiling resembles creamy lace as you view it from the nave of the church. The largest stained glass windows in the world are here, three of them, some sixty by twenty-five feet. Each of them is divided into one hundred and eight panels, every panel a picture in light from the Bible—three hundred and twenty-four in all, beginning with the dividing of light from darkness and ending with the Ascension. The spectator standing in the subdued light of the great church, and looking up as the sunlight from without makes them luminous, sees the sacred story unfolded upon an illuminated scroll.

Having paid our devotions at these two shrines, and gotten a bird's-eye view of the city, we set out by early train for the top of the world. The St.

Gothard road lays claim to some of the most beautiful scenery of Europe, and some of the grandest. It traverses the Piedmont, skirts Lake Como, runs along the shores of Lugano lying like a mirror in the mountains, and boldly plunges into the great hills of Switzerland. It curves and recurves upon itself as it climbs the rugged mountain sides, till you can see it lying below you like the trail of a great serpent. Then it plunges into the very bowels of the granite hills. The longest tunnel in the world, with one exception, is on this road, where it passes under the St. Gothard Mountain, the backbone of the Lepontine Alps.

All the forenoon we climbed the southern slopes, winding along the precipitous flanks of the giant hills, higher and higher above the crystal waters of the Ticino, which leaped and foamed among the boulders on its way to the Italian lakes. Steadfastly the road clung to the valley of the little river. Now and then we caught sight of snow-fields lying about the upper heights, and silver ribbons of water hanging from precipices told of melting glaciers in the fastnesses beyond. Over river and waterfall and snow-crowned height poured the sunshine of a perfect day. At noon we sat down to lunch in the palatial dining-car, with this changing panorama of mingled beauty and grandeur passing before our windows. But just as lunch was served the train plunged into the long tunnel. Suddenly night had descended upon us, and we were supping under electric lights. Think of eating with a mile of granite

mountain over your head. And what would the gnomes and elfs have thought of such intrusion—if they had not long since been frightened away by the thunder of dynamite.

It was fair and warm when we entered the mountain on the southern side. When we came out on the northern slope of the great watershed eight miles beyond, it was cold and stormy. However, the clouds broke away as we followed the winding Reuss. And as we glided down toward the Swiss lakes the sun lit up the distant mountain tops. We passed the village of Altorf, where legend says Tell shot the apple from his boy's head, and came to Fluellen by the side of Lake Lucerne, where a steamer was waiting to take us to the farther end of the lake, thirty miles away.

Lake Lucerne nestles in the lap of the Bernese Oberland, fourteen hundred feet above the sea, its waters clear as crystal, fed by glaciers and melting snows. It is in every sense the heart of Switzerland. About it is gathered the wealth of her legend. It was upon its shores and waves that William Tell played his part in freeing the land from tyranny—and to-day you may see upon its southern shore the traditional Rutli where his comrades gathered by night for covenant. It was its pleasant waters that attracted ancient immigrants from out the sterile north and induced them to take habitation in these mountain valleys. To the north and west of it the verdant hills melt away into fertile plains, while to

the south and east tower, rim above rim, the giants of the Alps.

It was in Lucerne, the busy little city at the west end of the lake, that we established headquarters. About its streets and on the waters of the lake we spent our first days. We saw Thorwaldsen's famous "Lion of Lucerne." We visited the Glacier Garden, and saw the "glacier mills," huge pot-like holes some ten or twenty feet across and as many deep, bored into the solid rock during the age of ice. We passed across the quaint old covered bridge, and studied the still quainter paintings in its gabled roof. We watched the swans and fish sporting where the Reuss rushes in limpid current on its way to the Rhine. We mingled with the cosmopolitan crowd come hither from the ends of the earth for a summer holiday.

But the mountains wooed us, rising so majestic across the lake, and at last we could resist them no longer. Taking boat one morning at the quay, we steamed out, and zigzagging from wharf to wharf for tourist traffic, came finally to shore where the Aar runs down from the Sarner See to empty its waters into the central lake. From this point one of the most noted cogwheel roads in Switzerland leads to the top of Mount Pilatus, seven thousand feet above the sea. It is a marvel of engineering. Into a bed of solid stone masonry the rails are anchored with bolts of iron. Along the middle of the track runs the cog-rail of wrought steel, the gradient of which reaches forty-eight in places, and nowhere

sinks below nineteen degrees. Going up is almost like climbing a rope hand over hand. Across gorges, through tunnels, and along the edge of dizzy precipices the road runs with the same indifference, and scales the impregnable walls of the mountain with amazing confidence.

On this road we took the last stage of our journey "to the top of the world." In ascending Pilatus one traverses in two hours as many zones as would be crossed in going from our sunny southern savannahs to Arctic snows. We started in a semi-tropical region where the vegetation in summer is luxurious. On the moist lower slopes elder blossoms drooped their heavy heads, dainty blue-bells swung lightly in the breeze, the fireweed hung out its torch by the wayside, the wild touch-me-not nodded to the passer-by, and the yellow aster made a star-spangled banner of the mountain side. The birch and the maple lifted their crowns against the sky. But as we climbed they all seemed to weary and drop behind, yielding place to the hardy ox-eye daisy and common clover and the red cedar. These, too, gave out in their turn, and we came to where the pointed fir droops its lichen-covered branches against the weight of winter snows. These hardy children of the upper slopes look like an army of soldiers assaulting a stronghold. Up the side of the mountain they scramble, each one for himself, till they come to a halt on the firing line where the avalanches dispute the way. It is pathetic to see the remnant of the front line holding their ground against all

odds, like the old guard, scarred and depleted, but unconquered still. When this battlefield was passed we were in the undisputed realm of the snow. Above us loomed the granite summit of the mountain, bare as when it was first lifted out of the bowels of the earth. Only here and there in the sheltered places stunted cedars clung to the earth like vines, conquered doubtless by the weight of snow which lies upon them through the Alpine winter. And where the melting snows had brought down a deposit of soil, there were plots of grass sprinkled with dwarf flowers.

The top of Pilatus offers perhaps the finest panorama of the Alps to be seen from any accessible spot. It was late afternoon when we reached the hotel, which sits, so to speak, in the saddle of the mountain-top. Having secured rooms, we made haste to climb the horn of the saddle, a peak of solid stone rising like a tower some two hundred feet above the final ridge. Above us then was a cloud-flecked sky, and beneath us lay the world. A sea of mountains rolled wave beyond wave to where snow-clad peaks rose out of the horizon mists. There were the Titlis and the Finsteraarhorn, the Wetterhorn and the Silberhorn, and in the midst of them the Jungfrau, majestic and radiant in her immaculate robe. Clouds drifted across the sky so that as we looked the great hills were now in sunshine and now in shadow. Through the telescope one could examine at leisure the wonderful phenomena of the Alps. There, for instance, some thirty miles away, lay a

great snowfield, ending in a glacier below. Deep crevasses were clearly visible in the surface of the ice river, and from its lowest point a stream of water, white like milk, leaped down the mountain-side. Such is the birth of an Alpine river. The stream we were watching ran down to the Reuss, and into the Rhine, and on to the sea, to be taken to the clouds again. So Nature does her work, lifting up the waters, and pouring them upon the mountain-tops, till the hills shall be level with the plains. With poetic truth the laureate sang,

> "The moanings of the homeless sea,
> The sound of streams that swift or slow
> Draw down Aeonian hills, and sow
> The dust of continents to be."

The telescope showed us, too, avalanches of stone prized from their resting-place by the silent fingers of the frost, and sent rushing down the mountain. Eternal as the granite hills appear, they must finally yield to these slow forces. Already the work is far advanced in these newest mountains—for the Alps are young, their shoulders not yet stooped with the weight of years. Already about their feet is piled high the debris which has been chiseled from their crowns. Slowly the work goes on—you may stand all day without seeing so much as one stone prized from its resting-place. This is where a thousand years are as a day—and then a day as a thousand years when the avalanche descends.

We watched the sunset from Pilatus. There can be few grander sights reserved for mortal eyes than

sunset on a hundred miles of snowy mountains. Slowly the fiery disk sank behind the serrate horizon rim. Its rays lingered upon the summits long after the light had faded from the quiet valleys; but at last these, too, laid off their radiance, and sank back one by one into the arms of night, the drapery of their cloud-couch close drawn about them. When the light had faded from the mountains, we turned to watch the day go out in the west. And when the last hem of his golden robe had swept through the portals where Hesperus stands guard, we wrapped our cloaks about us, and went down through the gathering gloom. But though the sun was gone from our eyes, we knew that he still shone upon our loved ones in western lands. So do love and friendship broaden the borders of our world.

> "The sun shall set, his light grow dim,
> And nevermore may rise for me;
> But some one that I love shall see
> Him flame above the eastern rim."

We turned in early that night, despite the cheery fire that burned inviting in the roomy lobby hearth, for next morning we were to see sunrise from the top of the Alps. It seemed scarcely ten minutes after we had fallen asleep when a great pounding on the door advised us that it was time to get up. The watch marked four. These mountains ought to be handled by some labor union. They are entirely unreasonable in their demands upon old Sol, keeping him at work seventeen hours out of every twenty-four, Sundays included. But as no injunction could

be gotten out just then to stay proceedings, there was nothing to do but get up. We made a bold start, shivered in the chill twilight, and crawled back under cover. Those double blankets were as comfortable as on a December morning. But a printed placard on the wall requested the guests "not to carry away the woolen bedclothes when viewing the sunrise," so we had the alternative of giving up the blankets or the sunrise. We had come all the way up the mountain to see the latter, so we made a partial toilet, buttoned our coats close about us, and ventured out. Some hundred persons were gathered on the summit, arrayed in all manner of garb, shawls, raincoats, overcoats, and blankets (presumably their own). Some had foregone the morning toilet, some were collarless, some hatless, all were shivering with cold. At last the great actor appeared upon the stage, and took up his daily role, all indifferent to this little audience that watched him from a far-away gallery. When the first act was over, we went down for refreshments.

After breakfast we clambered down the mountain some three hundred feet below the hotel, and indulged in a game of snowball as a novel sport for July. Great banks of snow lay here in the gorges under the warm sun, the remnants of many a winter avalanche; while within a few feet the grass was green and carpeted with Alpine flowers. We counted eleven kinds of flowers in the space of a man's handkerchief, modest little blossoms, clinging close to the earth. While we gathered flowers

by the snow, echoes of an Alp horn sounded across the valley, and from the grassy slopes below came the faint tinkling of bells like chimes from elfland.

Climbing across the mountain-side, we came upon a typical mountaineer, blowing his long horn, the one we had heard from the flower beds below. How rich his German tongue was with local coloring—for you must know that German is the native speech of this region. He could roll an "r" all round the mountain, and his gutturals were marvels of vocal depth. He blew his horn till the echoes filled the gorges. No doubt he was a lineal descendant of the boy of the mountain to whom Mark Twain gave a franc for "yodling," and then another to stop. As we tarried by the bugler, two bright-eyed boys came round the cliff from nowhere, and entered the conversation. On inquiry as to their health they assured us it was perfect, that folks lived over a hundred years here, in fact, some had to be thrown over the mountain-side to get them out of the way. They also informed us that in winter the people wrapped up in skins and went into dens like bears. They seemed to understand our humor, and always "went us one better." Evidently we were not the first tourists they had seen. But the day wore on, and we were due that night in Lucerne to witness the Schiller Fest, so we wished them pleasant dreams next winter, and left them in their cloud-canopied eyrie.

From the summit of Pilatus we saw the distant snowfields and glaciers of the central Alps. A few

days afterward we packed our knapsacks and set out to get acquainted with them face to face. The Oberland Railway skirts the western shore of Lake Lucerne, passes the village of Alpnachstad nestling by the mountain foot, runs by the waters of the Sarner See, and climbs the steep ascent of the Bernese Oberland. The curious little engine struggles painfully up the grades, pulling itself and its load along by means of cogs. The valley drops below you till the chalets look like tiny specks. Beside the track is a sheer precipice, and across the valley the mountain rises in a wall. But the valley itself is fertile and verdant where the waters have brought down the mountain-tops and spread them in life-giving soil. In these retired places the Alpine shepherd has found pasture for his flocks since first he claimed the mountains for his own, and here he lives contented under the shadow of the everlasting hills. His tiled-roof home, weighted with stones against the breath of winter blasts, forms a pretty contrast with the surrounding green.

Slowly we crept up to the summit of the pass, and stopped at the little station of Brunig to wait for the second section of our train, which had been given to another engine at the foot of the last grade. These branch roads are never in a hurry. They run into a station up in the fastnesses, and stop for half an hour with no apparent reason. Whether it is to afford the tourist opportunity to enjoy the scenery or the native a chance to enjoy his beer, we could never quite decide. Finally our conductor called out "all

aboard" in three languages, and we began the descent. Think of a conductor on a narrow gauge speaking three languages. But you will find hotel clerks and restaurant waiters all over the continent with a smattering of languages—enough to serve their purpose, if only they do not get off their beaten track.

We passed down through a panorama of wonderful beauty, and came to the shore of Lake Brienz. A short ride across the lake and we were at Interlaken, so named because it lies between two lakes. Interlaken subsists by virtue of the tourist. It is all hotels. We walked out from the boat through a double line of porters. The only two things Interlaken has to offer are mountain air and a view. As we were all the picture of health, and as the clouds threatened to shut out the view, we planned a visit to the glacier.

The road to Grindelwald is cogwheel a great part of the way. It runs up the gorge to where the Black Lachinen from the Wetterhorn joins the white Lachinen from the Jungfrau, takes the valley of the former, and climbs toward the great glacier that comes down from the Schreckhoerner. It dodges into tunnels here to avoid the avalanche, and is buttressed there against gravity. As we jolted along, a native got aboard and took seat near us. We gathered that he had traveled much—spent some months on an Ohio farm. When asked why he had not remained in the New World, he pointed out of the window and uttered the fine old German word "Heim-

weh." Outside, the cliff across the narrow valley rose like a wall for a thousand feet, hung with silver ribbons of falling water; and far above, when the cloud rifts let the eye pass through, were the peaks of eternal snow. We looked, and knew why it was that the Swiss lad had come away from the land of fortune. And you, too, reader, will know, if the memories of your childhood are hung with pictures of the great mountains.

Arrived at Grindelwald, there were yet three miles of stony road between us and the foot of the glacier—and it was raining. We had an umbrella bought of a Neapolitan peddler one sunny day—a most unmanageable piece of property. When it was down it refused to go up; and when it was up, it refused to come down. Then again it would take a sudden notion to shut up just when you were least suspecting, and descend upon you like an extinguisher upon a candle. Determined to get the best of it, we prized it up, wedged it in position, and went merrily on our way through the rain. But that umbrella had been dyed in black ink, most of which it succeeded in transferring to our clothes before we were aware of its dark design. Nevertheless, pushing along on foot with what speed the way permitted, we came to the last chalet about one o'clock. In front of us, across the narrow valley, the ice river sloped up through the clouds to the snowfields that lie like ermine about the shoulders of the Horns of Terror.

These frozen rivers move but slowly. Inch by

inch the ice is forced down the gorge by the weight of the snow above, and as it reaches the valley it melts, and the milky water flows away to the ocean, free once more after centuries of bondage. Not far from the lower terminus of the Grindelwald glacier is a large stone inscribed to the memory of a certain Dr. Arnold Haller, who disappeared upon the glacier some twenty-five years ago. A few days after our visit the glacier yielded up a body that was said to be his. The young men who had seen him pass up the glacier were hoary with years when the ice gave him up again.

And what mighty power there is in this creeping ice. Where it descends into the valley are hills of earth and stone, brought down from the heights and dumped across the valley. Whatever falls into its icy clutches must go with it, whether it be a thousand tons of stone or the frail body of some luckless climber. And the stones are turned to its service. They are the plows and planes with which it fashions and polishes its bed. Along the mountainside where the glacier once moved, the living rock is worn as smooth as the surface of a polished floor, with here and there deep furrows, where the glacier has seized a boulder in its icy fingers and grooved the granite mountain.

With the help of guide and rope and Alpine stock and ice-axe, we managed to make some headway upon the rugged back of the sluggish monster. In climbing we came to a "glacier mill." The men of the stone age must have gotten many a hint from

Mother Nature. She used one stone to polish another, and the primitive man, passing that way, saw and accepted. Hence the smooth stone age. Between the rough and the smooth stone—who can tell how many centuries of human life lie hidden. Then Nature balanced one stone upon another, and pouring water on the balanced stones, turned it on its pivot; and behold! the glacier mill—the first grist mill. Nature takes out no patents, so the aboriginal man carried away this suggestion too—luckily for us, who else might still be munching acorns in hollow trees. But it was as true in the glacial epoch as it is now, that for want of corn mill-stones will grind each other. And to-day you may find by the living glacier or in the track of glaciers long departed, wells sunk deep into the solid rock, where the turning stones have buried themselves.

The formation of a glacier is worth notice in passing. Though it is the terminus of a snowfield, it is itself transparent ice. At the foot of the Grindenwald glacier is a grotto which enterprising natives dig into the ice every year for the delectation of the tourist and the filling of their own purses. You may penetrate the glacier thirty yards or more till the ice is a hundred feet thick overhead; yet so clear is it that you can read by the diffused sunlight from above. Nor is this a case of the icicle pendant from the snow-covered roof. The glacier is not melted snow refrozen. We recall a laboratory experiment out of student days. An iron tube was

filled with snow, a plunger was inserted, struck a sharp blow with a hammer—and the result was a rod of transparent ice. But here again Mother Nature is the teacher. She fills a valley with snow, hits it in her titanic way with a thousand million tons of snow pressing steadily from above—and the result is a glacier of crystal ice.

Hamerton has said that there are some things in nature of which no adequate conception can be gotten without seeing them—notably the ocean, the desert, flowing lava, and flowing ice. And yet you do not see the ice flowing—only the marks of movement. Where the frozen river bends round the shoulder of a mountain or drops over a ledge, huge crevasses open in the ice. And from the banks like crevasses run out to the mid-stream, showing that in the frozen as well as in the fluid river the current lags along the shore. These crevasses make it extremely hazardous for the climber. They are frequently bridged over and hidden by drifting snow, becoming then treacherous pitfalls for the unwary. And many a man and mountain creature, stepping unwittingly upon this bridge, has been buried in a frigid grave.

For two hours we climbed across the broken glacier, along the brink of ice chasm, and over boulder-strewn moraine, till we stood where the Mettenberg divides the glacier, sending part of it down the valley of the Wetterhorn and part by the foot of the Eiger. Before us the snowfield stretched up to the clouds that veiled the Peaks of Terror. Around us

rose the sublimest mountains of the Oberland. Far down in the valley we caught glimpses of the habitations of men. About us was the silence that reigns where the eagle soars. While we rested, the sun broke through the mist for a moment, transforming the heights beyond into dazzling glory. And when the splendor had faded, we turned our faces toward the plains.

CHAPTER IX

THE LAND OF THE RHINE

"He who does not know his way to the sea should take a river for his guide," said Plautus. And though he know his way ever so well, the traveler cannot do better than accept such guidance when he comes to the river Rhine. It will take him through some of Europe's most historic scenes; and if he can but understand its language, will tell him stories such as no cicerone ever dreamed. It is an ancient guide, and in its long career has served such travelers as Caesar and Charlemagne and Barbarossa and Gustavus Adolphus and Napoleon. By its side have wandered Schiller and Goethe and Heine and Martin Luther. It was under its guidance the storied Siegfried set out in search of his bride in the mist-veiled days of the Nibelungenlied. Since the time when our ancient forefathers coming up the Danube valley, poured into the land of the Rhine, the river has played a conspicuous part in the affairs of men.

In point of size the Rhine is the third river of Europe; but in wealth of history, legend, and scenic loveliness it is easily first. It flows out of the halo-circled hills of story, through the rugged mountains of history, across the far-stretching plains of the present. Its source is the top of the world, and its home is the ocean. It springs from under Alpine

ice, and falls asleep in the warm meadows of the Netherlands. No river in all the world has a more varied aspect or flows through more varied scenes. "As the Rhine flows," said Lord Lytton, "so flows the national genius, by mountain and valley—the wildest solitude, the sudden spires of ancient cities, the mouldering castle, the stately monastery, the humble cot; grandeur and homeliness, history and superstition, truth and fable, succeeding one another so as to blend into a whole." But he who would hear the story of the famous river must stop his ears for a time to the tumult of modern life, and withdraw him from the rush of the tourist tide.

And how much better it is to submit to the guidance of the river than to stem its current. Then you are at one with your guide, and it grows upon you as you go. It leads you subtly on through widening vistas from revelation to revelation. You ride through the river god's realm in his own triumphal car, while the nymphs and sprites keep you company. There is ineffable lure in the rush of a river. It is significant that our own Father of Waters was first explored from its source to its mouth. And no doubt good Father Marquette and his adventurous countryman La Salle were led on to fame by the charm of the flowing river as well as by desire for discovery. Certainly romance will always picture them drifting down the gentle slope of the broad waters, past bosky Indian-haunted shores and through sunny savannahs.

So we drifted down the course of Europe's most

famous river, turning aside now and then for excursion into the neighboring hills. We saw its birth in the lap of the glacier, and watched the play of its waters in their infancy. We saw it again where it leaps over the Falls in exultant youth. Then again we saw it in the soberness of mid-career, bearing on its bosom the burdens of a people. And we watched it as with slow, majestic movement it swept down to its death in the ocean. And everywhere it is full of charm, whether it be rushing over the boulders at Schaffhausen, or breaking its way through the hills of the Niederwald, or flowing through the plains of the lowlands.

We arrived in Schaffhausen one day at noon, come from the top of the world by way of Lucerne and Zurich. You stop here to see the Falls of the Rhine, which lie about a mile below the little town. We took lodging at one of the modest hotels, and had lunch before making explorations. As we sat at table, the proprietor, with that fine courtesy which savored of the wayside inn, made his round through the dining-hall saluting his guests and inquiring after their welfare. Luncheon over, we set out on a tour of the town through its quaint narrow streets, and soon came to the river. The current is swift as a mill-race here, on its way to the Falls; and the water is clear as crystal, filtered in the reservoir of Lake Constance. In mid-stream a bath-house has been erected by a swimming club, and as we came up a company of some hundred boys were preparing to take a plunge. It is an ideal place. The current

offers just enough resistance for a trial of wind and muscle, while guards keep the swimmer from being swept down by the stream. The eye could follow every movement of the divers as they plunged into the depths of the river.

We left the bathers to their sport, and took trolley for the Falls, which are the most pretentious in Europe. Their claim, however, must rest on beauty and not grandeur, for they are tame beside Niagara. Our visit was timed for late afternoon, when the western sun should be on the face of the Falls. There are no rapids above, as at Niagara; the river slips down the sloping channel almost like liquid glass, and then in three wild leaps clears the precipice, and falls into the basin seventy feet below, a hundred thousand cubic feet of foam flecked crystal every second. In midstream, on the very edge of the Falls, towers a huge rock, dividing the waters as they rush over the precipice; and on the top of it is an outlook for those who are bold enough to face the seething waters at the foot of the Falls. We engaged boat and oarsman, and pushed out into the whirlpool. The little "maid of the mist" was tossed on the churned waters like a storm-beaten leaf. The billows dashed over our heads, and fell into the water on the farther side. One false stroke of the oar might have set us at the mercy of the mad river. But thanks to a skilful oarsman and our stout waterproofs, we came safe to the foot of the rock. In a moment we were on its summit, with the river roaring around us and leaping down the cataract beneath

our feet. We were completely hemmed in by the rushing water, here in the center of the Rhine Falls, our faces washed by the spray which the plunging billows shook from their foamy manes, our ears deafened beyond all comprehension by the multitudinous noise of tumbling water.

We leaned over the edge of the rock and watched the ever-changing phenomena. A column of mist stood up a hundred feet out of the whirlpool, and the sunbeams falling through it painted a rainbow upon the brow of the cataract, which lingered till the sun went down. There was a wonderful display of colors in the falling water as the day drew to its close—emerald and topaz and now and then a piece of the bow of Iris—such colors as you see on the brink of Niagara when the day is fair. One has a sort of sympathy here with the fabled countryman who wanted to wait till the river flowed past. You cannot resist the feeling that the current will run out, so great is the rush. But it goes on without abating. The river was rushing just as wildly when the men of the Stone Age speared trout at the foot of the Falls; and should another stone age round the cycle of human history, it will find the waters rushing.

From Schaffhausen the Rhine runs due west as if bent on seeing Paris. But at Basel, seventy miles away, it suddenly decides to remain Teuton, and turning due north, starts on its first long stretch to the sea, gathering into its swelling bosom as it flows the waters of Alsace, Lorraine, and Baden. Basel

and Strasburg are the most pretentious cities the Rhine can boast in this period of its youth, though almost every mile of its course is marked by some historic spot.

But the traveler fain parts company with his guide now and then for a day, to wander at his own sweet will, with the understanding that they will meet again at some appointed place. And so we forewent the guidance of the river past these historic scenes, promising to keep it more faithful company when we should meet again, and took train through the picturesque Black Forest. This is a great district of mountainous land lying here in the broad bend of the Rhine, covered for the most part with fir and cedar, whose evergreen foliage has no doubt given name to this region. The Black Forest is one of the most picturesque parts of the Fatherland. Its mountains are just rugged enough to lend a sort of solemn beauty to the landscape, thereby offering a pleasant variation from the majestic mountains of the Oberland. Here mediaeval customs have survived, and in these hills you may drop back through the centuries as you mingle with a people into the channels of whose life the tide of modern times has scarcely yet begun to flow. The Emperor encourages the people to hold to the ways of their fathers and preserve the integrity of their provincial life. But the coming of the Black Forest Railway through the very heart of this region, and the inevitable advent of the tourist, are beginning already to overcome even this influence; and the trav-

eler of the next generation will look in vain for the quaint people of the Black Forest, even as the traveler of to-day looks in vain for William Tell and his cross-bow in the land beyond the Rhine.

Our day's travel through this interesting region brought us to the famous town of Heidelberg, situated in the valley of the Neckar just above its junction with the Rhine. In passing through the country we often noticed towns lying apart from the line, and wondered at this apparent divorce of village and railroad, till we noticed that the towns were beside streams, and remembered that the people and the rivers of these ancient lands had entered into a trades-union long before the advent of Stephenson and his iron horse. In America the rivers were there, but the white man and the iron horse took possession of the country together. So the old and the new land vary in their features.

Heidelberg was for five hundred years capital of the Palatinate of the Rhine, and as such figured prominently in the stormy story of the middle ages. The tide of war swept over it time and again with terrible devastation. It was besieged five times, plundered three times, and reduced to ashes twice. It is now a quiet provincial town in the duchy of Baden, famed for its castle and its university. The latter is one of the oldest in Germany, having been founded in 1386, a hundred years before Columbus set sail. Its fame brings together every year students from all parts of the world here upon the banks of the Neckar. They are conspicuous on the

streets by virtue of their gay corps caps, and the sword marks on their faces, the precious trophies of duels. You may still witness this lingering vestige of a barbarous age if you are minded to walk across the river to the "Mensur," where the contests are held. The duel is entirely amicable, and without danger to life. Vital parts of the body are protected, the sole aim of the combatant being to draw blood from his opponent's face. The German student prizes the wounds he receives in the contest quite as highly as the American football player does his scars. But these badges cannot be put away with childish things, and so it comes about in Germany, as it does everywhere, that men bear through life the marks of their early foolishness.

The castles of Heidelberg deserve renown. "Next to the Alhambra of Granada," said Longfellow, "the castle of Heidelberg is the most magnificent ruin of the Middle Ages." Seven centuries have passed since its foundation walls were laid—centuries of storm and strife. The Thirty Years' War surged about it again and again. The wars of Louis XIV almost overwhelmed it. Yet it stands to-day stately in its ruins.

For situation it is unsurpassed. It nestles on the wooded slope of the Jettenbuhl. Behind it rise the forest-crowned hills of the Giessberg and the Kaiserstuhl. Far beneath flows the Neckar through fertile meadows shut in by walls of living green. The ascent from the town is steep, so steep that modern enterprise has seen fit to construct a funicular road

for the convenience of the sightseer. But the winding way under overarching branches of gnarled trees is a more fitting approach to the gray ruins. And it impresses one, moreover, with the wisdom of the old Counts Palatine; for in those days, when siege guns were unknown, the steep ascent counted for something in case of attack.

All the appointments of a feudal castle are still visible. The great moat, forty or fifty feet wide and as many deep, still surrounds the ruins, though in it now are growing century-old oaks. You cross the moat on a mole of earth where once the drawbridge hung, enter the giant gateway where the portcullis hangs rusted in its sockets, pass the ponderous doors of the inner wall; and you have stepped back into the Middle Ages. Round about you rise the shattered walls of the ancient fortress, from the niches of which look silently down the martial heroes of those turbulent times. About the turrets and embrasured battlements one easily fancies knights flitting with noiseless armor. Through court and hallway slip shadows of fair ladies; you can almost hear the rustle of their robes. The past becomes a reality once more for a moment as you stand beside its tomb. The life which lies buried under the debris of six centuries, once more pours through the ancient ways. The knight buckles on his armor at the call to arms, and sallies forth amid the farewells of fair ladies and the flourish of trumpet. The minstrel tunes the lyre to his lay. Knight and maiden woo while the tourna-

ments are run. The festal board is spread in the spacious banquet hall, while wine and merriment flow free. And even as you watch, some Sir Galahad sets forth in search of the Holy Grail.

The castle itself is a sort of chronicle, the several parts having been built in successive centuries. And they were built as if for all time. The walls of the Thick Tower are twenty-three feet of solid masonry—quite equal to the attack of the most powerful modern gun. The magazine tower was almost as massive, and its masonry was so firm that when the French blew it up in 1689 it only split in two; and the severed half of it lies to-day in the moat below, a solid mass of masonry. Whatever those old Electors did was of heroic proportions. In one of the cellars is the Heidelberg Tun, an enormous cask with a capacity of forty-nine thousand gallons. On the top of this huge barrel, which is reached by two flights of stairs, the Elector Theodore and his court danced when the Tun was first filled in 1751. Twice after that it was filled, and at the festal board above the wine ran free as water, pumped from the great reservoir as the toasts were drunk.

But for more than two hundred years the frowning palace has been untenanted, its walls shattered by the shock of war, its rich ornament of figures and frieze and filagree broken by ruthless hand and marred by storm, its halls pillaged of their trophies and its chambers robbed of their treasures. Those who defended it so valiantly have passed out of its

portals, and the Castle of Heidelberg remains a crumbling witness on the highway of history.

When we had dreamed ourselves back down the vista of centuries—and had waked again; when we had lingered beside the soft-flowing river to watch the children at play in its shallows, and had loitered with the easy come and go of the people on the narrow streets; when we had drunk a full draught at the fountain of inspiration which flows from Heidelberg and its castle,—like birds of passage we continued our journey, and alighted next at Frankfort-on-the-Main. This is the famous Frankfort, the ancient Free City, so conspicuous in the commercial world of several centuries ago, and in which were crowned a long line of emperors of that Holy Roman Empire, which Voltaire said was so named because it was neither holy nor Roman nor an empire. But perhaps the greatest thing the city ever did was to give to the world one of its four great poets; for the Psalmist of old, in singing the praises of his city, set down as chief thing that "this man was born there." Frankfort was the birthplace of Goethe.

The first place of interest, therefore, to which we turned when we had found lodging, was the Goethe House. If one must choose between paying his devotions at the tomb of a great man and visiting the scenes of his childhood, let him by all means choose the latter. Let him see the things which went into the making of that life, the rooms where the formative years were spent, the pictures, the books, the

playthings, the near and the distant view which day after day greeted the eyes of the child. Let him linger over these things rather than over the epitaph. And one may dwell to his heart's content upon the scenes of Goethe's childhood. For in a little street with a long name, Grosshirschgraben, near the center of the town, stands the quaint house where the greatest of Germans was born, much the same within and without as it was in his day. If you are minded to mount to the third story, under the roof, the affable porter, who has served here a quarter of a century and knows the Goethe legend by heart, will show you the small back room where the child was born, more dead than alive, as he tells us long afterward in the story of his life. Near by is the nursery with a rude pygmy theater which the boy patched together out of goods boxes for the puppet play with which he entertained his young companions. His study and that of his father are still shown, the books in place, his father's mostly legal, the boy's mostly polite literature. And through these things one gets a glimpse of the early bent of the great German. In a corner of the study is the desk at which he made his first serious effort at authorship, "Goetz von Berlichingen," after his first year in the University. He tells us that he re-wrote the entire work; from which statement we of lesser mould may take courage when our efforts fail. Great men and small must pay in the same coin at the counter of Fortune—the coin of labor. Here at this same desk he began another work,

which after sixty years he gave to the world as "Faust."

On the walls of the home are many pictures representing Italian scenes and art, gathered by the elder Goethe during his travels in that country. They shed their quiet influence upon the boy day after day as he went in and out, and that influence is traceable through the man's whole life. It was thirty-eight years before he could realize the cherished visit to Mignon's land, but during all that time he was preparing for it with a devotion and enthusiasm which made it an epoch in his life.

Nor must the mother of Goethe be forgotten in summing up the early influences of his life. It is almost without exception that great men have remarkable mothers—whatever the fathers may be. Frau Goethe must have been almost an ideal mother. She was a brilliant woman, but her brilliancy illuminated her own home rather than social coteries. She cared first of all for her household. Nor did she consider her duty done when the children were clothed and fed. She was a companion to her boy, and through the touch of companionship trained him. She would tell a story half through, and leave it for the next time, when she led him to repeat what she had told and to finish it in his own way, thus training his memory and imagination. Little wonder he became one of the most charming story-tellers in all literature.

We tarried long about the haunts of the poet's childhood. But surely it is worth while, if one can

get a glimpse of those things which went into the making of so great a life. We visited the museum, on the ground floor, where are to be seen sundry relics, dropped on the wayside of life by their owner as of no worth, but gathered here as priceless treasures by a worshiping world—a jaunty hunting cap, a letter worth fifteen hundred dollars, a lock of the poet's hair and one of his friend Schiller's.

When our respects had been paid to the sacred relics we bade adieu to the poet's home, and set out toward the Roemer. As we were taking a near cut through a narrow, questionable-looking street, we heard a voice say, "I wouldn't go down dat way, white-folks; you mought git hurt." We turned instinctively, for our Southern ears knew that the words were meant for us, and saw coming along the street a real negro of the cottonfields, with a broad smile on his face and a ragged coat on his back. He had come over as a stowaway, and had gotten stranded here. Evidently he was having a hard time making his wants known to the German folk, for he confessed himself penniless, and doubtless could have lent a hearty amen to Dr. Johnson's famous "yours impransus." We counted it well worth a dime to hear there in the Frankfort streets the voice of the cottonfields—it was like a message from home—and we cheerfully transferred to him some coin of the realm.

The Roemer, or Town Hall, is a quaint, historic building. The Kaisersaal is perhaps the chief place

of interest to the sightseer. The floor, of inlaid wood in various colors, is polished till it reflects the furniture. Entering, you step into felt slippers, and slide around the hall looking at the portraits of emperors who sat upon the throne from the days of Conrad I, in 912, to those of Franz II, in 1806, at which latter date the "Holy Roman Empire," long since dead, was formally declared defunct. But before its long decline it played a mighty part in the history of Europe, counting among its emperors Charlemagne and Barbarossa and Charles V.

After one day, all too short, in the famous city, we continued our journey to Mayence—renowned as the birthplace of the printed book,—and renewed acquaintance with our river guide. How majestic he had grown in the interval of our absence, swollen by the floods of the Neckar and Main! Here far away from his Alpine cradle, with the strength of all the German hills gathered in his bosom, he moves confidently down upon the mountain ramparts that separate him from the sea. And those ramparts! They are an ocean of motionless billows, rolling away in a crescendo of beauty, their slopes green to the summit with shimmering vineyards and undulating fields of grain, the earnest of a harvest to be.

Taking ship at Mayence, we passed through this profusion of beauty, and came to Bingen. What schoolboy has not heard of "Bingen, fair Bingen on the Rhine," and of the soldier of the legion that "lay dying in Algiers"? But, alas! Algiers is

French, and Bingen is now German—the tragedy of history. We climbed to the citadel, an ancient castle dominating the city, and looked out. To the south an undulating plain as far as the eye could see. At our feet the ancient town asleep under its red tiled roofs. To the west the broad waters of the river losing themselves in the hills. On a height across to the north a monument of victory, commemorating the struggle of 1870, and the soldiers of the Rhineland who gave their lives upon the battlefield. Beyond, the wooded plains of the Niederwald.

Every hill that stoops to meet the river is clothed with vines, the slopes so steep that walls are built to buttress the terraces. The hillsides are handfuls of earth held in place by the patient labor of many generations. So closely do the terraces succeed each other that as one looks up from the river, the slope seems a mass of masonry. The soil in places is covered to a depth of three or four inches with loose stones like chippings from a quarry—you can thrust your hand among them. But beneath this coat of mail the vine roots find ingredients which in the warm sunshine are distilled into finest wines. What strikes the American at first is the prodigious amount of labor represented on those slopes. But permanent work always pays, and that is a lesson which America has yet to learn. The walls are the heritage of centuries. The vintage is every year. The people of the Rhine have worked for their children's children.

Peaceful and happy lies the valley, as though its quiet had never been disturbed by the shock of war. One could imagine the course of history moving here at an even tide, like the flow of the river, without whirlpool or flood. But no fitter place than this same quiet valley could be found for a monument of strife. For fifteen hundred years, since first the Frank and Roman joined in mortal struggle for supremacy of the soil, the Rhine valley has echoed to the din of war. Beneath vine and waving grain and sloping sod sleep the countless legions of the centuries. How deep the strata of history lie along this valley. Scarcely had the Roman fixed himself well in his hard-won possessions when hordes of Hun and Vandal came like a black cloud out of the unknown east, swept with devastating fury over the land of the Rhine, and ushered in the weird twilight of the Dark Ages. Half a millennium the gloom hung over the land, till the age of chivalry and feudalism began to dawn. What deeds were done in those dim Ages unlit for us by pen of chronicler! A spear point, a broken shield long folded in the earth, a mouldering skeleton, are all that remain to tell us of these centuries.

But of the feudal age there remains many a monument beside the Rhine. From Bingen to Cologne there is scarce a mountain summit but is crowned with the ruins of a castle. This is the picturesque Rhine, of which our poet might well have sung,

> "The splendor falls on castle walls,
> And snowy summits old in story."

And one could almost continue with the bard,

"Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying."

But the echoes of the bugles that blew about those towers have been lost these many centuries in the mountain gorges. The age which gave birth to feudal life is numbered with the past. The once princely palaces of the lords who dominated the land of the Rhine have fallen into ruins, out of the crumbling windows of which the ghost of the past peers at you as through the eyeless sockets of a bleaching skull. Here in these ancient highways of human life one comes close to the garment of history. Here by the tombs of the mighty one feels the reality of the past. It is one thing to read of the feudal system. It is another thing to walk through the halls and upon the battlements where feudalism dwelt; to step upon the drawbridge and look down into the moat; to enter the keep in whose donjon captives were left to pine away; to touch the dented armor of horse and man, dented in the shock of mortal combat; to stand beside the tombs of those who wrote their names in bold sword strokes upon the pages of history.

Nowhere in all the world are fact and fiction more indissolubly blended than along the Rhine. Every turn is haunted with tradition. By Bingen, standing on a little island, is the Mouse Tower, so named, says legend, because here a certain Bishop Hatto was devoured by rats when he had refused his starv-

ing people a share of his hoarded grain and had burned up some who would have taken it by force. Pursued by the grinning rodents, the Bishop fled for safety to the island, only to be ferreted out in his stronghold by the scourge of Providence, and torn to pieces bit by bit.

Drifting down the river we came to the Lurlei rock, grandest on the Rhine, made famous in music and song by Mendelssohn and Heine. Here sat the Syren in the evening glow, combing her golden hair with a golden comb, while she sang a song which lured the skippers to wreck on the rocks below. Farther down are the twin castles of Sterrenberg and Liebenstein, halo-circled with legend. Two brothers fell in love with a foster sister. Heinrich yielded the field to his brother, and went to the Crusades. Conrad grew cold in the absence of rivalry, went away, and returned with a foreign bride. Heinrich would have slain him for his perfidy, but the sister intervening, reconciled them, and retired to a convent, leaving the brothers to live amicably in neighboring castles.

Passing down this echo gallery of history, we cast anchor for the night at the little village of Oberlahnstein, where the river Lahn pours its waters into Father Rhine. The moonlight flooded mountain and stream. Far above the town in the mist stood a gray sentinel, the castle Lahneck. On the other shore, crowning a wooded eminence, rose the noble castle of Stolzenfels, restored to something of its pristine beauty, and now become a summer resi-

dence of the Emperor. Next morning we climbed to Lahneck, up the precipitous slope, through vineyards on either hand. The castle occupies a site unsurpassed both for security and scenery. It crowns the rocky point between two rivers. On the one side flows the Rhine; on the other stretches the Lahn valley. We entered the castle without challenge of sentry. The chains of the drawbridge were rusted away, and the moat was filled with flowers.

That day we passed Coblenz with Ehrenbreitstein frowning down upon it from the farther shore. The fortress has claimed a place in history since first the adventurous Roman pitched his camp upon the rock's ample brow. On its slope French and German have struggled for supremacy. And to-day it stands guard here over the German Rhine, after Gibraltar one of the world's most impregnable fortresses. As the day was waning toward evening, we came to where the river breaks from among the hills, and starts on the last course of its career, across the lowlands. To the north and falling back from the water's edge are the Seven Mountains, the farthest outposts of the hills. And upon the last of these, standing guard at the gateway of the river, is the stately ruin of the Drachenfels, its broken battlements silhouetted against the sky. About it legends cling like clouds. In a cave of the cliff beneath the castle lived the fabled dragon, a terror to all who passed, till Siegfried slew the monster

and made himself invulnerable by bathing in the dragon's blood.

When we had watched the Drachenfels fade back into the mists of distance, we turned and caught sight of the twin spires of Cologne Cathedral dimly visible in the haze ahead. And in due time we landed in that city which, when it was but a Roman settlement on the outskirts of the world, the Emperor Claudius named Colonia Agrippina in honor of his wife. But this queen of the Rhine has long since forgotten her descent, and is now German to the heart. The most conspicuous object of the city is the cathedral, the finest specimen of Gothic architecture in the world. Its towers rise five hundred feet, and its length is four hundred. It was six hundred years in building, and is a monument first of all to the abiding faith of a people. Wars might come, famine might fall upon the land, workmen might lay down their chisels; but the work went on, interrupted by the vicissitudes of time, but not stopped. How many generations of workmen succeeded each other on the scaffolding, father yielding place to son in the sacred service. How many a sacrifice of the widow's mite is sealed within those walls.

Such was the land of the Rhine as we saw it on a summer's holiday, a land rich in history and legend, a land peerless in scenic loveliness—

"A blending of all beauties; streams and dells,
Fruit, foliage, crag, wood, cornfield, mountain, vine,
And chiefless castles breaking stern farewells
From gray but leafy walls where ruin dwells."

CHAPTER X

PARIS

We had been looking forward to the boulevards of Paris ever since we left the canals of Venice. It was with pleasant expectations, therefore, that we boarded the through express at Cologne in the early morning of the last day in July, and turned our faces toward the French capital. Our route took us by Aix-la-Chapelle, the capital, and burial place of Charlemagne, through the bounds of Belgium, into France. It was a pleasant journey, that run from the Rhine to the Seine, for the train was one of the finest on the continent, with corridor cars, sumptuous dining saloons, and luxurious appointments. The passengers were a cosmopolitan crowd, many of them bound for the great exposition then open at Liege. The tedium of the run was broken at the French border, where luggage had to pass inspection. Tobacco and matches are the contraband of war on European borders. Knowing this, we always traveled short on these commodities. We were, therefore, soon done with, and had time to watch our fellow-travelers. Every piece of luggage, large and small, had to pass under the inspector's eye before it could receive its passport, a chalk mark. But the examination was perfunctory in most cases, the official asking only after the for-

bidden articles. One man was relieved of some fine cigars, against his vigorous protest. Another had more matches than the government thought it safe for him to travel with, and his load was lightened. You may carry through about as many of these articles as you can get into a vest pocket; that is, about enough to keep a lover of the weed to the end of the trip. The explanation is that the government itself has a monopoly on these commodities.

When the sun was well down the western sky, the spires of Paris began to appear upon the misty horizon ahead, and in due time we drew into the North station, and set foot on French soil. To be in Paris! It was like realizing the scenes of "Arabian Nights." We took carriages, and drove down across the city, past the triumphal arch of Louis XIV, past Notre Dame, across the Seine, slipping under its bridges; up through the Latin Quarter, by the university, and down the Boulevard de Port Royal to our stopping place. We passed the time of day with our cabman in his own vernacular, and found that he had been doing business in Paris for twenty-eight years—since long before some of his passengers there were born. No wonder he knew his city by heart—he had been studying it nearly thirty years, and in that time business had taken him doubtless into every alley of the city. He was interesting and jovial withal, spoke to every driver he passed on the streets, and had a cheerful word for every one—a big-hearted knight of the whip, who had come to know

humanity, touching it at so many angles every day. And there are just five thousand of his brotherhood driving their business in Paris to-day.

One would like to say something of our hostess in the French capital—for it was a family pension at which we stopped, and not a fashionable hotel—but her fine modesty forbids. Her life had been spent here, and she knew her Paris as the cabman knew his. For years Americans had been almost constant guests at her table; yet she was content to speak her native tongue. She was consummate in the difficult art of presiding at table; and it was a proverb among her guests that she could divine your needs, though she could not always understand your speech. Michel the maid, grown gray in the service of her mistress, seemed to imbibe some of the latter's gift, and presided beside your chair as efficiently as the madame did at the head of the board. The fare was such as one likes to revert to in epicurean mood.

We were not slow to begin our sight-seeing. Supper over, we turned out to see Paris by night. Now, though slumming is as reprehensible abroad as it is at home, the traveler who never does any sight-seeing after nightfall misses much that is worth while. It is one thing to see a city by day and quite another to see it by night. There is one city of the sunlight, and another of the electric light. Being advised that life on the boulevards would not be at its best till eleven in the evening, we boarded a tram about ten o'clock, and started

down to the Grand Boulevard, which is a broad business avenue extending from the Place de la Republique past the Grand Opera to the Church of the Madeleine. Boarding a Paris street car is not so easy as it might seem, especially in the evening when all the city turns out for an airing. You secure your number at a booth on the corner, and await your turn. The car stops, the crowd rushes up, the conductor calls out in fine running French the numbers, getting his cue from the booth-keeper as to his numerals. There may be fifty ahead of yours, but you need not try to "butt in" after the American fashion, for Frenchmen are versed in "The Rights of Man." Perhaps one fifth of the crowd find places, the tram is then "complete," for a Paris tram is no omnibus with room always for one more. The rest of the crowd wait or go on foot.

The cars are usually double deckers, and the upper deck is crowded of a summer evening, because the view is better and the breeze fresher. We finally managed to get upstairs seats, and so went down across the city under electric lights. A ride of several miles brought us to the Grand Boulevard. It is a river of light, a milky way across the starlit expanse of the great city. And in that way a stream of humanity pours back and forth till long past the small hours of the morning, some in tatters of poverty and some in flounces of silk, some with pinched faces and some with the bloom of youth, some with despair in their eyes and some

with joy, some in innocence and some under the stamp of sin—for the Grand Boulevard brooks no exclusiveness of caste. We alighted and joined the throng. The restaurants were doing a driving business, pavements filled to the curbstone with the overflow of customers; and all in a flood of light. Men and women, old and young, from the ends of the earth, sat and drank at the tables, and went on their ways. Anything that was ever poured down a human throat in the form of beverage was on tap, from carbonated water to absinthe—no prohibition there.

As we sat at the tables an old man with wizen face came among them, hunting under them and hooking out with his crooked cane the stumps of cigars and cigarettes, for all the world like a starved cur hunting crumbs. What he found he stuffed into a pocket of his grimy coat. To what use he turned the refuse only the goddess of poverty knows. He was evidently a recognized habitue of the boulevard, for one of the waiters gave him the leavings of a wine glass, which he took into the shadow and drank with apparent relish, then went hobbling across the street to continue his search for "ducks." Rarely will you find a more abject specimen of humanity than this gray bat of the boulevards, coming out of his attic hiding-place when the shadows fall, and disappearing again with the approach of day. A poor starved fellow in threadbare coat came up to sell us some illustrated cards. Surely it must be a precarious living he picks up

thus among the tables. An aged woman, who ought to have been in bed at that hour, was offering an evening paper on the street corner, while a half-grown boy went tearing down the boulevard shouting his wares upon the midnight air. As we lingered in the first hours of the coming day, some enterprising paper turned its morning issue upon the boulevard—and immediately the papers of the evening were ancient history. Along the way men were crying the attractions of dime museums and gaiety shows. Up against a great building moving pictures held the attention of a crowd, ending in advertisement of a drink. Students fom the Latin Quarter with their amorettes paraded the streets, pausing to watch some legerdemain or to gaze into a shop window where diamonds and pearls sparkled under electric light. Such was Paris as we saw it on a summer night.

We set out one Sunday to see what the French capital thought of the fourth commandment. The shops were open for business, except a few on the main streets. Across the closed shutters of these was printed this peculiar sign, "closed on Sundays and fete days." Evidently an exception in business circles. Before one shop a carpenter was busy with his saw, blocking the narrow sidewalk. Next door a woman was weighing out vegetables. A squad of workmen were laying cobblestones in the street. Another was fixing the sewer.

We made our way over to the Madeleine, the most fashionable church in the city. It stands at

the intersection of two boulevards, an imposing pile of Corinthian architecture, suggestive of a Greek temple. Across the facade are the historic words, "Liberte, Egalite, Fraternite," which cry of the revolution even the places of worship have not escaped. Dodging an automobile and a huge load of furniture, we entered the great portals. The crowd was flowing in at one door and out at another as mass was celebrated. We secured seats at two cents each per mass, payable in advance. A priest mounted the pulpit which was glued nest-like to one of the great columns; but the crowd within and the traffic without combined to drown all he said. We joined the ebb-tide and passed out.

Next we went down into the old city between Notre Dame and the Place de la Bastille to see what the other extreme of society was doing with the day. Women were hawking fruit there from handcarts, while squalid children littered the sidewalks; butchers and bakers were driving a brisk trade; cafes were overflowing into the streets. The fourth commandment might never have been given, for all it affected life in these streets. One wonders what per cent. of Parisians attend church on Sunday.

Finally, to see what last comment Paris had to make upon this her way of life, her "liberty, equality, fraternity," we turned back to a little building just behind Notre Dame, upon an island of the Seine. It is the city morgue, where are brought the bodies of those who have grown weary of their "liberty," or against whom fraternal hands

have been raised, like Cain's against his brother. Here at last they find "equality," lying side by side upon the marble slabs, waiting for some one to tell whose these were that yesterday flew so eagerly to ills they knew not of. There were five unfortunates awaiting identification the day of our visit, four men and one woman, propped up there behind the glass to be gazed at by a gaping world. And every year there pass this way some eight hundred.

"Poor men, God made, and all for that!
The reverence struck me; o'er each head
Religiously was hung its hat,
Each coat dripped by the owner's bed,
Sacred from touch: each had his berth,
His bounds, his proper place of rest,
Who last night tenanted on earth
Some arch, where twelve such slept abreast,—
Unless the plain asphalt seemed best."

After the horrors of the morgue, the serenity of the great cathedral was welcome to us. Notre Dame is one of the world's famous churches. And these ancient cathedrals are fit to give us pause as we drift by them on the tourist tide, for few monuments tell so aptly the story of the past. Study the old cathedral. Look closely at the sculpture that covers its face like a veil of gauze. There is in it a significance beyond its beauty, a meaning beyond art. It has its message for the artist and architect, to be sure, but its lesson was not for them. In the long ago, when there was no Bible in the home, no missal in the pew, men went to worship, and took home what they could of the service. Memory had

to bridge the gap of work-a-day life. But how were the lessons of the church to be impressed upon the worshippers so that they would not fade away in the outside world? The answer to that question was the cathedral of the early ages, built to assist as object-lesson in the great school where the teacher was the church, the pupils mankind, the theme religion.

It was not solely a place for worship, it was a part of worship. It was the Bible illustrated. The worshiper, hastening to mass in the early hours, might see in the morning light above him the lesson of yesterday repeated in stone, the blessed Virgin, the saints and angels, the descent of the spirit, the solemn forms of patriarchs and kings. And those other forms far up beneath the cornice, monsters, hideous nightmares of the sculptor, projecting out against the sky—what are they that seem struggling wildly out from the walls of the church? They are demons fleeing from the power of righteousness; the illustration, "And he gave them power over unclean spirits to cast them out." And so, moved by these to serious thought, he passes in to worship in the very shadow of the cross, for nave and transept form a crucifix, to keep the people in remembrance. And as he kneels in silent prayer, the light falling through the great windows upon the upturned face brings the same message, for the windows are scrolls more gorgeously illumined than the silver codex of Upsala. And when the eyes are become accus-

tomed to the dim light of the holy place, he may look up to the walls and vaults, and see the story told once more in painting and fresco.

So, the cathedral was the people's Bible. It was the primer of the ages, the picture-book of the unlearned, where they saw illustrated the words their teachers spoke. It was the great stone book. So the people built and worshiped through the centuries, till the advent of the printed book changed it all. A little thing that seemed as it came from Gutenberg's press, but the frail leaves of paper bound together with a thread were to triumph over the great stone book, and take its place. The day that saw the birth of Gutenberg's Bible marked the passing of ancient cathedrals. They are still sacred as places of worship, but no longer in the sense as of yore. The world visits them to-day, in reverence, but it is as one who turns the pages of a missal for memory's sake. The great stone book is sealed.

For seven centuries and a half Notre Dame has stood here beside the Seine looking down upon the stream of history as it flowed beneath its towers. It has watched the passing of king and kingdom, of emperor and empire. War and revolution have left their mark upon it. The venerable pile was devoted to destruction in the unholy days of Terror, but escaped with mutilation. In turn it became a "Temple of Reason," a military depot, a stable for cavalry. It has suffered all things except earthquake. But no degradation could rob it of its

nobility. We climbed the worn spiral stair to its towers. It was like climbing the ladder of history, for when we came out upon the landing among the gargoyles we had dropped back from modern Paris to the age which Hugo depicts in his story of the famous church, and to the Hunchback of Notre Dame habiting here among these his counterparts in stone; and looking over the balustrade, we could see in fancy on the square below the life of mediaeval Paris as the great Frenchman describes it in his historic novel. While we lingered here over the dead past dreaming among its vestiges, we were roused out of our reverie by the advent of a group of our countrymen, so boisterous and frivolous of speech that one could well think of them cracking questionable jokes over the flag-draped tomb of Napoleon. They had come here to the very shrines of history with no knowledge of the past, and therefore with no regard for its monuments. They were bent solely on a summer picnic, and had climbed the towers of Notre Dame in the same idle spirit. Standing here with well-nigh a thousand years of history beneath their feet, they were all oblivious. And yet they will tell it among their friends that they have seen Notre Dame. Even so then, every kodak that has winked its soulless eye upon this majestic pile has seen the ancient cathedral. It takes more than a retina or a sensitive film to see. We left them to their delights, and descended again into Paris.

Another day we took boat down the Seine to the

Champ de Mars. The river has its own life, with its boats, its bath-houses, its bridges where history has been made over night, its quays laden with flowers and quaint book stalls, its idlers pretending to angle in its murky waters or lounging without pretense on its piers, its tragic stories. We landed at the Pont d'Iena, where the Champ abuts on the river, and near where stands the Eiffel tower, highest structure in the world—as yet. Having paid our three francs each, we took passage for the top, nearly a fifth of a mile above. Inclines and elevators finally brought us to our destination. It was Paris in miniature, for there among the clouds was a glass pavilion fifty-four feet square, and about it booths where refreshments, souvenirs, and entertainments were offered the sight-seer. Post cards are for sale here, and can be mailed from the top of the tower with all assurance that they will reach their destination, were it the uttermost part of the earth. A score of men and women keep the tower and booths, their lives spent for the most part in this steel-girded eyrie. And here too certain ambitious ones have inscribed their names on glass and metal, fearful perhaps lest they might not else be lifted up in the eyes of the world. A splendid view of the city and surrounding country is offered from the top of the tower, a landscape forty miles in radius, almost the measure of a principality. While we watched, a summer cloud passed over the city, trailing its fringe of rain. The sunbeams bursting out of the west caught the cloud as it re-

treated and painted a rainbow on its dark wrack, one end of the arch resting on the Church of the Sacred Heart and the heights of Montmartre, the other resting across on Notre Dame by the Seine—and under the bow the homes of a million men.

Not far from the Champ is the Hotel des Invalides, or Old Soldiers' Home, erected by Louis XIV as an asylum for those who had worn themselves out in his wars. And here under the majestic dome, a fit resting-place for the great chieftain, lies all that is mortal of Napoleon, brought hither in state from the willows of St. Helena after a tardy twenty years, in fulfilment of the soldier's last request, "I desire that my ashes may rest by the banks of the Seine, in the midst of that French people whom I loved so well." And here his ashes rest in a mammoth sarcophagus of Siberian porphyry (O mockery of the Fates!), the captured banners from many fields draped over him, and round about the pedestal the names of his victories written in stone. How still he sleeps there after the fierce fever. No more war's alarms for those ears that quickened at the roar of Russia's guns and the booming of Wagram and Austerlitz. They are dull now forever. The pulsing of the titanic brain has ceased. The hands have laid down their empire building and are folded to rest. He hearkens no longer to the beatings of the storm-lashed ocean of life. Nor does he heed the stream of humanity that all day long flows past his resting-place, as with bared head and muffled step, posterity comes to do him rever-

ence. How small the parallax of fame and empire must seem when viewed from eternity.

One morning after shopping on the Rue de Rivoli we went down to the galleries of the Louvre. Our last taste of art had been in Venice, and we felt sufficiently recuperated from Italian excesses to try the galleries once more. The Louvre is confusing in the prodigality of its collection. You get lost in the maze of masterpieces, and sit down in sheer despair. The best way is to single out a few pieces, or have them singled out for you, and confine yourself to them. We did this, and were paying our respects to Millet's "Gleaners," when a tourist comet swept into view, bearing down across the great hall in our direction, headed by a professional guide who had probably been picked up at the entrance. We retired from the direct line of its orbit, and watched it go past. The head halted before the picture while the tail telescoped. The following artistic introduction was made by the master of ceremonies: "This is the 'Gleaners.'" (The name stood above the painting in large black letters.) "It was painted by Millet." (The artist's name occurred also just under the picture.) "He painted another picture, called the 'Angelus,' which was sold for a hundred thousand dollars. You might think he was a rich man, but he died owing his butcher and baker." And with that the comet moved on to make acquaintance with other stars in the galaxy. And perhaps it was as well, after all, for you recall Tennyson's story of the man who insisted on dis-

cussing market quotations while he stood beside the Venus of Milo. This last piece of art, with the Winged Nike, the one armless, the other headless, are the two pieces of sculpture which, above all others, it is worth the tourist's time to see.

But to the great world unwashed with the varnish of culture, Paris is not the home of art and architecture, but rather the foster-mother of fashions. The readers of "The Houseboat" will recall that when Captain Kidd stole that wonderful vessel, and found to his amazement that he had on his hands the wives of the shadowy clubmen, he headed straight for Paris in the fond hope that he might be able to lose Mrs. Noah and Xantippe and the rest on the Rue de Rivoli. And certainly the shops of the French capital are a paradise for woman, especially if she has a long purse. But think of it! a crowd of seven men shopping in Paris with not a woman among them. The "Magazins du Louvre" and the "Bon Marche" are two of the largest department stores in the world, and in them you can purchase nearly anything the market affords. One can hardly help spending his money for the bargains that load the counters. We bought silk and gloves and shirtwaist patterns all at a venture, wondering the while whether they would suit when we had them at home. It was interesting to watch the shoppers, and see women demolish the bargain counters of silk.

We had many amusing experiences among the shops. The keepers have a custom of putting up in

their show windows the sign, "English spoken here," which one of them is reputed to have explained as meaning that the customer might feel free to use that tongue if he so desired. At any rate we found, to use modern parlance, that the article was not up to advertisement. Two of our number stepped into a shoe-shop bearing this sign, and asked to be directed to the automobile races. "Certainly," said the affable clerk. "Which would you prefer, black or yellow?" Unable to make intelligent connection with the shoe man, they next turned to a restaurant with like sign, and put their question to the waiter. "Have seats, gentlemen," said that functionary. "Will you have ice-cream or lemon squash?" In despair of seeing the races, they told him to bring on the lemon squash, resolved henceforth not to be counted with that evil generation "seeking after a sign." Indeed, shop-keepers, guides, and hackmen pick up a few phrases of English in order to catch the tourist trade. But outside of their narrow beat they are as helpless as the traveler who tries to speak French according to Baedeker's "Manual of Conversation."

The rest of our time in the city was taken up with visits to the Jardin des Plantes, the Champs Elysees, and the Bois de Boulogne. The Jardin contains one of the best Zoos in the world, and probably altogether the most complete collection of stuffed and preserved specimens. There you may see the largest and the smallest bird in existence; also specimens of one or two kinds recently extinct.

The Mammoth is there, long since perished, but preserved for us almost intact in nature's cold storage, the Siberian ice field. The Okapi is there, latest discovery of zoology. The life of the deep sea is exhibited in rare specimens, creatures above whose native haunts the ocean is heaped up three or four miles. The condor and the eagle are there, denizens of the upper deep. In the thoughtful walk of half a day you may see in the Jardin specimens of life from the tropics to the poles and from the ocean bed to the mountain top. The gardens and hothouses exhibit the flora of the globe. So the Jardin des Plantes is a veritable epitome of life on the earth.

When we had wearied of sight-seeing here, we went across town to see that other collection, the wonderfully varied and interesting exhibit of the genus homo which is open to visitors every afternoon of summer from five to eight on the Champs Elysees and in the Bois. The tourist must by no means miss this feature of the French capital. There is nothing else quite like it. The Champs is a broad shady avenue running from the garden of the Tuileries to the Place de l'Etoile and the entrance to the Bois. Here society airs itself of a summer afternoon. We had seen the boulevards by night. Now we saw them by day. At night the world was on foot. By day it was on wheels—wheels of all sorts, from hired cabs to private automobiles. The new rich, the "yellow rich," the old rich, and the once rich were there—and those who

made no pretension to riches of any kind. A recent writer has said that you can divide society into "those who have to sell their old family pictures, those who have to buy their old family pictures, and the lucky few who need neither buy nor sell, who are neither going down nor bobbing up." And that division may hold for the Champs Elysees. There are faded dukes, and flushed bondholders; and those whose riches sit lightly upon them because they are "to the manner born." Here in a numbered cab sits a veritable "old gentleman of the black stock," with the marks of gentility on his face and the marks of poverty on his coat. Over yonder in a private automobile is a woman who, if she were in the old gentleman's place, would be taken for an Irish servant. Here is a company driving quite as leisurely as if no one else were on the Champs, and there goes one forging ahead with all speed. The one is out for recreation; the other for show. So the broad stream pours along the avenue to the Place de l'Etoile, and loses itself in the two thousand acres of park beyond, till the sunlight has faded from the summit of Napoleon's Arch of Triumph. And to-morrow, with the regularity of the tides, the stream will flow and ebb again.

One day we gave to Versailles. What a name to conjure with in the days when Louis XIV was dazzling Europe with the splendor of his court. But how empty now; for well-nigh a century has passed since the last weak scion of the Bourbon stock was lifted upon the throne of his fathers by

the hands of the allied powers after Waterloo, only to leave it for an unwept grave in a few short years. And since that time the palaces of the Bourbon kings have been untenanted of royalty. Yet Versailles has a charm by virtue of its very emptiness. One likes to walk in its deserted halls and listen to the echo that comes to him down the long corridor of history; one likes to picture to himself the life that used to fill the palaces and overflow into the park beyond. It is worth while to meditate among the chambered shells from which the tide has ebbed. At least we thought so when we had spent a week in the swirl and roar of Paris.

We set out, therefore, one morning to spend the day where royalty flourished before the breath of revolution blew upon it. Versailles is only fifteen miles from Paris, and can be reached in a few moments. Its claim to a place in history rests upon a whim of Louis XIV. His predecessors had resided at St. Germain, but the view from there included St. Denis, the burial place of the kings. Louis did not like to be reminded of the evanescence of terrestrial glory, and so the royal residence was transferred to Versailles. The star of France was then in the ascendant, and Louis was determined that it should not grow less under his reign. It was proper, therefore, that French royalty should be sumptuously housed, and he set about to build a palace such as for magnificence the world had never seen. How well he succeeded the visitor of to-day may see.

When the palace and park were finished the treasury of the kingdom was poorer by a hundred million dollars. The facade of the great building as it faces the sunrise down the long vista of the park measures six hundred and thirty yards, and is broken by three hundred and seventy-five windows. Its capacity is ten thousand inmates. And you will understand why it was built so spacious when you remember that the civil household of the king numbered no less than four thousand, besides two thousand in the retinue of his relatives at court, and nearly ten thousand in his military household, who lived for the most part in the town. There were nearly four hundred cooks in constant service at court, and other servants in proportion. Thither flocked the nobility of the kingdom to be in the limelight; for to be absent from Versailles was to be forgotten. Here was the cradle of fashion, and here it grew to proportions never realized before or since. From the inner chambers went forth every morning the orders of the day for the conduct of the court, rules written upon "tickets," from which our own word "etiquette."

In the inmost chambers of the palace, and only to be approached by special privilege, were the royal apartments—the audience room and the bedroom with its famous ante-chamber, this last the place where the court awaited the rising and the going to bed of the sovereign. For you must know that royalty could not wrap the drapery of its couch about it in privacy and lie down to pleasant dreams,

but must needs be put to bed and tucked in according to rules of "etiquette." "Ushers arrange the crowd," says the historian, describing the scene, "while the king washes his hands and begins his toilet. Two pages remove his slippers; the grand master of the wardrobe takes his night shirt by the right sleeve, the first valet of the wardrobe by the left sleeve. They pull it off and hand it to a valet to be carried away, while still another valet approaches with a shirt. This is the solemn moment, the culminating point of the whole pompous absurdity. The honor of presenting the shirt is reserved for the sons and grandsons of France (i. e. of the king, who regards himself as France), or in their absence, for the princes of the royal blood, or in their absence, for the grand chamberlain or the first gentleman. When the king has taken his shirt, the whole court is introduced in the fifth and last entree, and the toilet proceeds."

How little the king and his courtiers in their artificial life thought of the common people by whose labor they were fed and clothed. But a reckoning time was coming, and in this very palace. Not in the days of Louis the Grand, for he died peacefully in his royal bed with his court about him, and was gathered to his fathers after the longest reign in history. His successor unwittingly predicted the fate of the kingdom when he cried out in revelry, "After us the deluge." And the deluge came, just seventy-five years after Louis the Great laid down his scepter. It roared through France and beat

upon the palace walls of Versailles till the inmost chambers were finally filled with its turbid waters. When the king would not hear the cry of the common people for justice, they rose in their blind might and went to Versailles. Ten thousand men who had lived on black bread while the fruits of their labor went to build palaces and feed a proletariat nobility, and ten thousand women whose lives for the most part were cast in the streets of Paris, surged out along the highways that led to Versailles, overran the guards at the gates, and mounted the stairway to the very chambers of the queen. Then royalty fled from its splendid palace while the corridors ran blood. The calendar counted but a few months from that frightful day till nobility was banished over the borders and the heads of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette fell under the guillotine in their own capital city.

So much for the history of Versailles. The palace of the kings is open now to whosoever will, and the chambers where king and courtier held levee under strictest rules of etiquette are thronged day after day by tourists who look and gape and laugh, and pass on, scarce knowing, most of them, whence came the palaces or who were the Bourbon kings.

At the Versailles station we found ourselves once more in the tourist tide, for this was one of the rare days when the fountains of the park played, and Paris had turned out to see the sight. Before reaching the great palace, however, we turned aside to visit the Tennis Court, situated

in an alley of the town, not far from the entrance to the palace grounds, a building used once for the game of that name, but become famous as the cradle of the Revolution. Here the Third Estate convened when they were denied their rights in the Estates General during the fateful days of May, 1789. And here, under the leadership of Mirabeau and others, they resolved never to adjourn till they had given France a new constitution. The Tennis Court marks the first open clash of the King and his people in that great conflict which was to see the King beheaded and the people given over to the orgies of The Terror.

Continuing our way to the square before the entrance to the grounds, we took lunch in the open air under the trees, and regaled ourselves while a street minstrel played "After the Ball" for our delectation. We wondered if the Paris fashions are as antiquated when they reach America as our "latest" songs are when they reach Paris.

The palace, like most abodes of past royalty, has become a museum and picture gallery. Here and there are to be seen vestiges of its former tenants—the bed on which Louis the Great died and the clock which ticked away his last hours; the tiny chambers of Marie Antoinette, much as she left them that day the mob thrust itself so rudely in. All else is lost in the lethe of a museum. The "Hall of Battles" is perhaps the most impressive part of the art collection, its walls adorned with heroic paintings of the martial victories of France from Charles

Martel to Napoleon. But what mockery the Fates sometimes carry in their tangled skein—it was in this very hall that William of Prussia was proclaimed Emperor of Germany in 1870, after he had captured the French Emperor and his army, occupied the capital, and exacted of the conquered people as indemnity a prince's estate and a nation's fortune.

Out in front of the palace is the magnificent park which the king laid out for the delectation of his mistress. It stretches away to the sunrise over countless acres, adorned with fountains and lakes, cut by bosky avenues where marble statues lurk in shady depths, as if the fauns and dryads had returned to their ancient haunts once more. It spreads into forests of noble trees where you come unawares upon grottoes and trysting places such as Pan and the nymphs must have delighted to visit in mythological days. The fountains are supplied with water from a distance of six miles, and so great is the volume that an hour's playing costs two thousand dollars. It is a rare spectacle to see twenty thousand persons in gala dress seated upon the grassy slope that circles like an amphitheater about the seventy-six fountains of the basin of Neptune, and to hear the shout from a thousand throats as the waters leap up trembling white as snow against the background of foliage and blue sky.

Across the forest are the Great Trianon and the Little Trianon, two smaller palaces built by Louis XIV and Louis XV respectively. In the latter

Marie Antoinette spent most of her time. The visitor is shown her bed hung with gold-embroidered tapestry and the piano she was wont to play. In the wood near by is her "hamlet," a group of some half-dozen thatched roof cottages with an old water mill. Here the Queen and her ladies used to come when life in the palace grew too irksome, and here they played at milkmaid and shepherdess to while away the time—a pleasant variation no doubt from having to dress in the presence of a whole court.

So we spent our days in Paris, dividing our time between the living and the dead, between the city's present and its past, gathering of its fact and its fiction, watching its comedy and its tragedy—until the days of our stay were run out. Then we turned our faces toward the world's greatest city.

CHAPTER XI

ON ENGLISH SOIL

And now, after many happy days of camping on the trail of history, the Continent lay behind us, its shadowy shore-line swallowed up in the mists of the stormy Channel. As we sat there upon the steamer deck watching it recede across the widening gulf of waters, gentle Memory took us by the hand and turning led swiftly down the slope of years. No longer were we travelers in foreign lands, but children of the wayside school, untutored of any travel beyond the country-side, eager for something of that great world which lay beyond and building up about the thumb-worn pages of our history and geography that world as our fancy pictured it. And what a world it was—more grotesque and wonderful than any that Alice ever found in Wonderland,—where everything was different from our world, even the fruits and flowers and trees, where men dressed in quaint fashion and spoke in the speech of books, where even the routine of life was tinged with romance and lifted into the realm of story. Such was the Europe of our childish fancy. And we fondly dreamed that should we ever have the fortune to set foot upon its magic soil a revolution would mark the event in our lives, much as if we had landed upon a distant planet. But now we

had come and looked upon this magic land, and henceforward it was to be for us but a part and parcel of the earth, its scenes terrestrial and its men and women mortals like ourselves. No magic change had marked in us our advent upon the Old World shores, so gently, as we crossed the waters, had fancy adjusted to itself the garb of fact. Our journey had meant for us at once a gain and loss. The halo which had hung about the old world was gone forever. That much we set down on the side of loss, for is not realization always a sort of loss? Did we not count it so when Santa Claus became a reality, however beautiful his gifts were afterward? And the spirit-haunted nooks of our childhood world, did they not bear for us a value which vanished the moment the veil was brushed aside? And shall not many of us feel a secret pang of loss when the last ice-bound fjord has been charted and the last jungle explored—when over the last foot of earth and fathom of water shall wave the banner of fact, and there shall not remain a single corner of the globe that we may people at will with gnomes and elves and dragons and sea-serpents and all the creatures that never were? There are some values not considered in offices of realty nor in the fixing of assizes, and yet they are values of great worth. There are realms where the fancy may roam at its own sweet will untrammeled by chain and compass—Robinson Crusoe's Islands and Forests of Arden, in whose dells and wooded aisles our spirits may find retreat from the burden and heat of a practical

world. And shall we not count it a loss when such a realm is forfeited to the stern rule of fact, and the garish light has forever banished every flitting spirit?

So we mused as we saw the Europe of our dreams give place to the real Europe. But one may "find in loss a gain to match." There was a profit to be set down, too, a great one. We had lost the land of fancy. We had found the land of history. Caesar and Cicero, Raphael and Angelo, Savonarola and Luther were no longer names adorning a chronicle, but men who had lived and wrought among men. We had walked in ways that had looked upon them, we had come upon their very footprints on the sands of time, we had learned to feel as well as to know that these men and their fellow-workers had done mighty things in their day. And thereby we had learned to estimate more fully what labor and sacrifice and suffering were cast into the foundation of that civilization whose fair upper stories we occupy in peace and prosperity to-day. We had come into vital touch with the past, and felt it beneath us as an integral part of our life. And that was a great accomplishment—a profit which more than met the loss.

But we were not yet done with the Old-World story, for all its shores had dropped beneath our horizon. We had read through with delight the illustrated pages of its long biography, but ere the end there was a luminous appendix, without which the story would not be complete. Wise men, who

claim acquaintance with unrecorded things, tell us that in the long ago there was no English Channel, but that the British Isles were the western pier of Europe. And for all the stormy waters that separate these shores to-day, the story of the Isles is indissolubly bound with the story of the Old World main. And in the island story, which lay before us, were to be found the same lights and shadows that had touched the earlier chapters, revived perhaps by a fling of the wild salt spray.

As we crossed the Channel a slight squall drove us below decks, and when we came out again the long waving line of the English coast lay before us, with the hills swelling away in green billows beyond. Surely no traveler of Saxon stock can approach these shores without peculiar emotion. We travel in continental lands, and make them ours by conquest. But this land is ours through inheritance, and we come to it as to our own. It is all the land we children of the New World had before Jamestown and Plymouth Rock. Its speech is ours. Its history is ours. Its very names are echoed in our western home—York and Richmond and Lancaster, Surrey and Sussex and Essex, Cambridge and Chester and Lincoln. Its soil has nurtured the roots of our family trees. Its stories have fed our childish fancy. We approach it as children approach the ancestral home whose tradition they have reverently cherished.

A little cloud it was—these islands—which slowly rose in the world's western sky long ago, no bigger

than a man's hand. But that cloud has grown till now there is not a land under the heavens upon which its shadow does not fall. It was to these shores the sturdy Angles and Danes and Saxons came when the world was young, boldly crossing the northern sea in their viking ships to find a home and afterward to found an empire. On this island stage it was that William the Conqueror played out his mighty act, sword and buckler in hand; followed in successive scenes of the drama by men who helped to shape world destinies. Here the battle for freedom of body and of soul was slowly fought and won. This little plot of sea-girt soil gave birth to Chaucer and Shakespeare and Milton, to Newton and Darwin and Spencer, to Burke and Pitt and Gladstone, and to a host whose names shine well-nigh as bright in the galaxies of the great. A little land, but a mighty people—earth's garden-spot of souls. Such thoughts as these came surging through our minds as we drew near to English lands, and set foot upon the soil of our fathers.

How glad we were to hear once more our mother tongue about us. It was welcome enough even in the broad brogue of John Bull, after the jargon of the continent. There is scarcely need yet of an English-American dictionary, though the speech of the two peoples is beginning to diverge at points—for example, the Englishman carries his gums on his feet, the American has his in his mouth; the Britisher puts his luggage in the van, the American puts his baggage in the baggage-car; the former

has shops and goes shopping, the latter has stores but never goes storing; the English summer is followed by autumn, the American usually by fall; the Englishman asks for his letters, the American calls for his mail; we have many decayed things in America, but as yet no "decayed gentle-ladies." There is just enough difference of speech withal to keep the traveler alert.

Our port of entry was New Haven, and our road to London through the counties of Sussex and Surrey. The afternoon sun, breaking through the clouds, lent to the landscape a soft radiance as we passed along. In the foreground field and fence sparkled with trembling raindrops. Beyond on the gentle slopes of the Downs flocks and herds were grazing. Fields of green were interspersed with fields of golden stubble where the new-cut grain was heaped in shocks. Across meadow and lea ran well-kept roads shut in by trim hedges, and smart turnouts dotted the way. Here and there a cluster of trees under the shadow of which cattle rested, and a rare cottage nestling among the Downs. Order and thrift marked the country-side. It has been aptly said that England is the best groomed country in the world. Certainly it looks like a park when compared with America. It is the difference between a garden and a ranch. But how long it has been since the Downs were rescued from the wilderness by Alfred and his yeomen! Some day ours shall be an old land, too, and if we are wise that shall be a hale and beautiful old age.

An hour's run through these rural scenes, and the advent of factories told that we were nearing the metropolis—for you must not forget that with all her history and her thirty-two million people, England is no larger in area than New York or North Carolina. Our train halted on one of the Thames bridges while the guards collected tickets, and we were thus introduced to the famous river. Inspection done, we drew into Victoria Station, and were soon in the hackney's hands. A spin past Buckingham Palace and Park, down Piccadilly by Charing Cross and the British Museum, a fare and a tip to the driver on Brunswick Square, and we were under the roof of our London hostess—for here again, being disciples of the simple life, we chose the pension rather than the hotel, and had no cause to regret it. The world's greatest city was before us, and we were eager to set about its exploration.

"The proper way to see London is from the top of a bus, sir," said Dr. Samuel Johnson. And surely there is no higher authority on the way to see the great city. At any rate, we accepted his advice, and set out to explore England's capital from the top of a bus. It is a cheap and handy way of sight-seeing, two qualities which commend it at once to the American. To get a bus you walk out into the street and step on—a pleasant variation from our Paris experience. There is a constant stream of these conveyances on the principal ways, and the conductors are hanging from the steps to solicit

your patronage. "Seat, sir?" is the invitation that strikes your ear through the bustle of the thoroughfare, and it is reinforced by a smiling face. London is a living witness that rudeness is not essential to the effective handling of a public. We never saw the least discourtesy or impatience to passengers on the part of any public servant.

You want to get on top of the bus if the weather is fair. Everybody rides on top in London, men and women, young and old. At first it seemed to us a curious place for a lady in theater dress, but we soon grew accustomed to the sight of a belle and a wash-woman side by side on the tip-top of a bus drifting leisurely down the stream which flows through London streets. Your fare is a penny, and you ride as far as you please. Once seated, the whole street is before you. As far as the eye can reach that stream of vehicles is flowing on, most of them, like your own, topheavy with humanity, till it looks as if the street had a moving second story. Only here and there the stream is blocked, where a policeman raises his arm at a crossing to let the counter current have its way for a season. And how quickly that sign is heeded! No matter how great the crush, not a wheel crosses the invisible line till the signal is given. The arm is raised and the current stops; the arm falls, and the current flows on. Such is law and order as practiced on the streets of the world's most populous city.

And that city—how is the transient visitor to get a conception of it as a whole? It has a popula-

tion of more than five million, and covers some seventy-five thousand acres. Think of all the people of Virginia, North Carolina, and South Carolina crowded together in one corner of a county, living and doing business there, and you have some idea of London. But they seem to get on wonderfully well in their close quarters, better than we do with all our elbow-room.

The visitor is impressed with the ease with which the great city handles itself. We traveled about London four days without so much as seeing a street-car, though they are to be found in some parts of the city. As for elevated roads, they are not in Europe, so far as our experience went. What a relief that must be to those who have lived in New York or Chicago, where the elevated runs over the roof, the electric by the front door, and the subway through the cellar. How are the crowds handled then? By cabs and busses. London does the largest business of any city in the world, and her distances are perhaps the greatest. Yet there is never any rush through her streets. If you are going a short distance, you board a bus and pay your penny, or call a cab and pay your shilling. If you have a long way to go you drop down an elevator to one of the underground roads, and shoot through the darkness. But these lines are buried deep enough not to disturb the city. We found the train ninety-four feet below the surface one day when we wanted to cross the city quickly. This was the splendid new road which the Londoner calls

"the tube," a double tunnel running under the city from the Bank of England to Shepherd's Bush, with trains every minute or two. As we were after seeing the city, however, and not after covering distance, we usually chose bus or cab instead of the underground.

We spent eight days in the English capital, just time enough to get a bird's-eye view of what is to be seen there—some one has said that you have to live in London to know it.

And even residence does not carry with it a guarantee of acquaintanceship. A young man of our acquaintance who had spent his entire life there had never been in the South Kensington Museum or the Crystal Palace. It is doubtful if many even of the oldest citizens know the town. Lord Macaulay said that he had walked through every street of the London of his day; but it would take a good part of one's life to perform that feat now.

London is full of sights. The problem before the tourist is what to see and what to leave unseen, for even to touch all the places of interest in the short space of a summer tour is out of the question. Some of the things that Baedeker stars must be passed over; but there are some that no visitor can afford to neglect. One of these is the Tower. Built first by William the Conqueror as a royal residence, it was destined to play its part in history as a prison of state rather than a residence of kings. It is a symbol to-day of tragedy and pathos. About its somber towers have hung more

clouds of England's history than about any other spot in the realm. To how many a brilliant life has it marked the end as a dark punctuation. It was in one of the towers that the young princess met their mysterious fate at the hands of their uncle, Richard III, in those days when the way to the English throne was so often marked with blood. Here Sir Thomas More and Sir Walter Raleigh met ignominious deaths at the block. Here Catherine Howard and Anne Boleyn, two of England's queens, suffered the same fate. From one of those inner windows poor Lady Jane Grey, the nine days' queen, looked out upon her husband as he passed to execution, and then followed him. English, French and Scotch kings have been imprisoned here. In the little church, the prison cemetery, one comes upon many historic names. "There is no sadder spot on earth than this little cemetery," says Macaulay. "Death is there associated, not, as in Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's, with genius and virtue,—but with the savage triumph of implacable enemies, with the inconstancy, the ingratitude, the cowardice of friends, with all the miseries of fallen greatness and of blighted fame."

As if to relieve the somber story, there have been set in one of the upper chambers the crown jewels of the realm, the most gorgeous array of gold and precious gems on earth, the symbols of success and power, crowns and diadems and scepters that have played their part in the pomp and circumstance of the island story these five hundred years and more,

diamonds and rubies without number, any one of which would command a king's ransom were it ever to escape from its prison here—and round about this royal hoard a squad of scarlet-liveried guards, for one at least of these crowns has been stolen in its time.

Another place which even the tourist of a day must see is Westminster Abbey. The foundations of this building too are laid deep in the soil of English story; indeed, no one can tell when first a church was erected on this site, so long has it been consecrated ground. The present structure dates substantially from the reign of Henry III, and is therefore seven centuries old. Our first visit was on Sunday at the hour of morning worship—for the stranger must remember that this is primarily a place of worship and secondarily a place of sepulture. The occasion was deeply impressive. The ancient Abbey is filled with the monuments and tombs of those who have helped to make England great in the long course of history. Looking down upon us from their marble pedestals, as we sat in the pews, were Gladstone and his great opponent Disraeli, and near them were Pitt and Peel; over in the poets' corner lay Tennyson and Browning and Dryden; nor far from them sleep Darwin and Newton; then those who have written their names with the sword instead of the pen. Across in the chapels rest the kings and queens of England, Elizabeth and Mary Stuart sleeping peacefully under the same roof "after life's fitful fever"; then the Henries

and Edwards and Georges—most of the monuments mutilated more or less during the storm that raged round the Commonwealth. The Abbey is the Walhalla of English letters. And yet some of England's most distinguished sons found sepulture elsewhere. You look here in vain for the tombs of Shakespeare and Milton, Byron and Shelley and Keats, Coleridge and Wordsworth, Carlyle and Ruskin. And many lie entombed within the Abbey whose names have been long buried under the dust of ages. So imperfect is the judgment which men pass upon their fellows.

As we sat in the dim light of the great nave with the heroes of the ages sleeping about us, the preacher ascended to the sacred desk, and began the service. The voices of the choir rose through the heavy silence of the place, and melted away beneath the pillared vaults. Never before had the ritual of the English church seemed to us so solemn—here amid this history made visible in stone, in the shadow of Henry's and of Mary's tomb, it found its fit setting. The text was appropriate: "And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God." While he spoke of that final assembly, the sunlight striking in through the high windows fell upon the speaker and his audience, and touched the tombs of the mighty into soft radiance. As we looked up at the marble features of the great and around at the mobile faces of the small who for one hour were gathered in that presence, a new meaning was breathed into the text. Though men may stand

together, then and now, there shall always be great and small, even in the eyes of an All-Father. A few dollars and days had brought that throng of men beside the tomb of Gladstone, but to stand with him, to see as he saw and feel as he felt, was not given to them. "You shall not come nearer to a man by getting into his house."

Surely there is no more fitting link in the chain of travel after Westminster Abbey than Windsor Castle—the one where English rank and royalty come to birth and rule, the other where their dust is sacredly inurned. Windsor is some twenty-five miles by coach or train from London, and is altogether the most imposing royal residence in the world. A huge turreted and battlemented pile of granite, it crowns an eminence overlooking the Thames and a far stretch of England's fairest and most famous country-side. It dates back to the time of William the Conqueror, and has been a home of rulers through all those centuries. As you approach it, towering there against the sky, with the little village of its name huddled at its feet, leave guide-books with their data aside for the moment and drop back to the ages out of which it came. Think of it, not as the palace from which a gentle queen looked out upon the longest and most peaceful reign of history, but as the castle from which feudal lords looked out upon lands of uncertain tenure, and from which they held sway by force of marshaled men. As you come beneath its shadow, the centuries roll back the scroll, and you look upon

those early chapters that were written with the sword's point dipped in blood. Here is the village of vassals gathered under the protection of castle walls. Above on the battlements armed knights keep guard. Thither come the lesser lords who hold the lands in fief, to pay their tribute and homage to the chief, and thence the assembled yeomen sally forth with long-bow and spear to battle against all claimants to the land. You can almost hear the winding of the bugle float out upon the waiting air. Thus in company with the past you mount the way that leads to the ramparts above, and look upon the landscape that stretches away to the level horizon. It is dotted with prosperous villages that no longer need a beetling castle for protection, and scattered with fertile farms whose tillers are no more servile vassals—a land of united, sovereign people. And standing there between the past and present of that "rough island story," you may meditate with profit upon the marvelous progress which is its distinguishing mark. The stories of Greece and Rome each fall within a millennium. But fifteen hundred years have passed since the first chapters of English history were made; and so far yet are the feeble chapters of a nation's decline from being recorded there that she still remains "a power which has dotted over the surface of the whole globe with her possessions and military posts, whose morning drum-beat, following the sun, and keeping company with the hours, circles the earth with one continuous and unbroken strain of

earth with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England." Such may be Windsor's chief service to the visitor—to act as a vantage ground from which he may look out over vast stretches of history, and looking may get a larger, a saner, a more tolerant view of the things that have been done; a happier and more hopeful view of the things that yet remain.

And when the retrospect is ended, he may pass into the Castle and walk through the halls where so many of England's rulers have been nourished. He may go down into St. George's Chapel and look upon the tomb of Henry VIII, or stand beside the spot where the headless body of Charles I was laid at the end of a tragic act of history. Crossing over to the vaults of Albert Chapel, he may find the sepulchres of other kings, among them that George whom Patrick Henry declared might profit by certain examples. And taking up the thread which Atropos severed here at this tomb, he may follow it back a little, if he will, as we wander through the royal grounds. At the end of the Long Walk, which stretches away through the Great Park to the south of Windsor like a line of light, we shall come upon an equestrian statue of this king in his triumph; and hidden in secluded spot the retreat where he found refuge in the days of his mental darkness. So do the Fates spin out the thread even of a royal life, and dye it bright or dark, and clip it.

The park itself is a charming place, its driveways set on either side with noble oaks and elms, its paths

losing themselves among beeches and yew-trees under whose broad branches herds of deer are feeding. There are trees here that are older than the story of Jamestown. And in the heart of this leafy depth you may come upon Virginia water, if you wander so far—a lake set here like a mirror in emerald.

So, through these quiet hours at Windsor, the thoughtful tourist will come closer to the springs of English life. Nor yet is he done with this little plot of countryside. Descending from the Castle and crossing the bridge under which flows the sparkling Thames, you come to Eton College, and to one of the elements of England's strength. Here her youth have been trained since half a century before Columbus came upon a new world. How deep the traditions of valor and nobility have been laid these six hundred years! Wellington and Gladstone and Kingsley were tutored here. Upon the walls are written in stone and bronze the names of Eton's sons who have eminently served their country in peace and in war. To live among such memories were half an education in itself.

From Eton we drove across country three miles to Stoke Poges to visit the tomb of Gray and the churchyard made famous by the "Elegy." It was afternoon as we drove along the quiet road that leads through fields and under the broad-spreading branches of ancient trees. The sunbeams struck slant through the treetops, and the thrushes were singing their vesper song. In a field by the road-

side a group of laborers were resting under the shadow of a stack of grain. A hare crossed the roadway and disappeared in the hedge. Scarce a zephyr stirred the leaves, and nature seemed to be in a sort of reverie. We drew rein in the forest where a footpath turns off from the highway, and alighting followed the path till we came to a turnstyle. From a cottage hid among the leaves a young girl came out, and directed us, at the same time offering for sale copies of the "Elegy." Beyond we caught sight of the churchyard dotted with ivy-covered stones, and in the background the vine-clad church with the famous yew-tree beside it. A few visitors were scattered among the graves as we approached, but they soon retired, and left the sacred spot to us. We passed with reverent step among the graves where "the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep," and stood with uncovered head beneath "that yew-tree's shade" "where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap." Near by the church wall is the common grave of the poet and his mother. No epitaph marks his resting-place, but on the marble slab which covers them are the mother's name and these words of tribute from the son, "the careful, tender mother of many children, one alone of whom had the misfortune to survive her." A tablet on the church wall tells that the poet too lies here. An imposing monument has been erected in the park beyond, but the "Country Churchyard" will ever be the truest monument to the memory of Thomas Gray. It alone can breathe

the spirit of his life and works. Here are to be found that perfect peace and repose, that reverent melancholy, that reticence, and that spirit of silent worship which marked his life. If the sins and sorrows of society find reflection in Byron's writings, if the romance of the Scotch landscape and the serene beauty of the Lake Country are caught in the works of Scott and of Wordsworth, certainly the spirit of Stoke Poges churchyard is breathed into the writings of Gray. So genius consecrates a common plot of earth.

We lingered about the place as the shadows lengthened. We entered the little chapel and saw the pew in which the poet was wont to worship, as also the pew which the descendants of William Penn are used to occupy. And as we came out again, the good woman who serves here as guardian broke for us a sprig of the aged yew, which is laid away in a copy of the "Elegy" for remembrance. The sexton led us to a spot from which the great tree could be seen in all its majesty, and as we stood among the waving grass he told us the legends of the place. And when the stooping sun had begun to gather up his spent shafts, we turned our faces homeward, feeling that henceforward we should be at home in at least one spot of English letters.

Next day we set for exploration of the Thames. You would never know it here in London for the limpid stream that reflects the towers of Windsor, so sluggish and murky it is when it has bathed the great city. It is a huge open sewer. Surely the

Alpheus could not have been more foul when it had been turned through the Augean stables. But for all that, it is one of London's chief highways, and two lines of boats run on it night and day to accommodate the travel. We took passage at one of the upper piers, and steamed down the black, ill-smelling little stream past Waterloo Bridge and under London Bridge where the gory heads of criminals used to be aired on pikes, under the shadow of the Tower, beneath Tower Bridge, and out into the waters where the shipping of the world is done. The East India and the West India docks lie beside the river here—whence the city draws its commercial life. The stream is thronged with craft coming from every quarter of the globe, and from the cargoes that they bring there is gathered in here an annual revenue of fifty million dollars, almost as much as at all the other British ports combined. Passing the docks we landed at a pier that bears a world-famous name—Greenwich. If you have forgotten, call back in memory to the first school days and the maps on whose margin the numbers read so many degrees from Greenwich. This is the spot. We had almost expected to find a dark line running through it with a zero hanging to either end, but no visible mark serves to tell you that you stand on the spot from which the world takes its bearings, and where a stop-watch is daily held upon Apollo and his fiery steeds as they race upon their course around the earth. But on a gentle hill that slopes away from the river stands

the royal observatory, where among other things time is calculated for the watches of the kingdom and telegraphed abroad at noon each day. You may see the face of the clock that carries this temporal burden on its hands, and set your own chronometer in accordance. You may also see there just how much a standard inch or foot or yard is in the realm.

Returning to the city, we passed through the old fish-market, Billingsgate, become proverbial for the foul and vicious speech of its people—so do our words betray us.

The collections of art and archaeology here will always claim a share of the tourist's time, and they well repay it. However many galleries one may have seen on the continent, the London collections cannot be passed by without loss. England has appreciated the work of her masters enough to keep it at home, and if you would see the best specimens of English art you must go to English galleries.

We visited the British Museum time and again. It is the finest collection of its kind ever gotten together under one roof, representing everything from the first printed Bible and the oldest manuscripts to the mummies of Egyptian kings. We looked upon the shrunken face of a man who is said to have lived seven thousand years before the Christian era. What was the speech of that long palsied tongue, and how did the world look to those eyes?—for they beheld an age that was ancient history to Noah.

One grows weary with simply walking through the collections of the Museum. The first room we came upon was of great interest. It was the autograph room. Side by side we saw letters from Charles V, Peter the Great, Louis the Great, Frederick the Great, and Napoleon. Near them were two signatures of Victoria; one at the age of four, just the name stiffly marked on a piece of common paper, the other when she had been fifty years queen. There are letters from Luther and Galileo and Angelo. The last letter Dickens ever wrote is there; and one from John Keats a few months before his untimely death. A letter from Browning will bear quotation. He writes: "I can have little doubt but that my writing has been in the main too hard for many I should have been pleased to communicate with; but I never designedly tried to puzzle people, as some of my critics have supposed. On the other hand, I never pretended to offer such literature as should be a substitute for a cigar or a game of dominoes to an idle man; so perhaps, on the whole, I get my deserts and something more—not a crowd, but a few I value more."

In another room you come upon the famous Rosetta stone, found some hundred years ago near the Rosetta mouth of the Nile—a rough block of common stone, but more precious than any that was ever polished on lapidary's wheel, for it holds the key to almost the entire field of ancient history. One of its faces bears a triple inscription in Greek and in the learned and the popular character of

ancient Egypt. Until by the aid of the Greek inscription Champollion deciphered the Egyptian characters and thus discovered the hieroglyphic language, the scrolls of Nebuchadnezzar, the tablets of ancient Babylon, and the writings on the tombs of Egypt were as so many scratches. Now they are history. But time would fail to tell of all the treasures that have been gathered here—the scattered fragments of the ages which we diligently piece together into an imperfect story of the past.

One of the most delightful of excursions is that to Hampton Court, some ten miles up the Thames. You can go by water or across country. We took "the tube" one morning to Shepherd's bush, and made the rest of the way by tram and bus. Every mile of the road is full of interest. First you come to the royal gardens of Kew, one of the most beautiful open-air conservatories in the realm. Just beyond is Twickenham, the home of Pope; and across the river, Richmond with its splendid park, once the abode of English royalty. Near by is the villa of Horace Walpole. And a short ride through field and hamlet brings you before the palace of Hampton Court. English history has eddied more than once about this palace. It was built by the ill-starred Cardinal Wolsey, and filched from him by Henry VIII under the guise of a voluntary present. How truly the politic old prelate said when he had fallen upon evil days, "Had I but served my God with half the zeal I served my king, He would not in mine age have left me naked to

mine enemies." Cromwell resided here, and here upon occasion the kings and queens from Stuart to Hanover made their home. William III lost his life in the park, thrown from his horse. The Hampton Court Conference, famous in ecclesiastical history, was held here in the reign of James I. But Hampton Court has now been given over to pensioners of the Crown. The grounds and park, though not so extensive as those of Windsor, are even more beautiful. The profusion of flowers, the sward running away under ancient trees to where the Thames flows by, make a setting that would have rejoiced Watteau. In the Pond Garden the visitor is shown under glass a royal grape vine nearly a century and a half old, with great black bunches of luscious grapes hanging amid the foliage. This single vine furnishes for the royal table half a ton of grapes each year.

Back in London once more, we drove across town to the little chapel in City Road where John Wesley was wont to preach in the latter years of his life, what time he was not preaching up and down the land—this first great itinerant of modern times. Next door to the chapel are the apartments he occupied, all the home this childless, worse than widowed man could claim. You may see them today—his bedroom and workroom, and the little closet room he set aside for prayer. How suggestive of his life, for his days were consumed in work and prayer—this man who was altogether the greatest

single spiritual force in England of the eighteenth century. Here he labored for the last twelve years of his life, and here at the ripe age of eighty-eight he died with the harness on, having unwittingly founded a great church. In the rear of the chapel—the shrine of Methodism—is his grave, the simple shaft which marks it bearing this inscription, "This great light arose (by the singular providence of God), to enlighten these nations." Here under the open sky with a few of his faithful followers about him lies this plain preacher, who might fitly have found sepulture with kings in Westminster. For, as one of his biographers has said: "That century was rich in names the world calls great—great generals like Marlborough, great monarchs like Frederick, great statesmen like Chatham and Burke, poets and critics like Pope and Johnson and Lessing, writers who helped revolutionize society like Voltaire and Rousseau; but run over the whole list, and where among them all is the man whose motives were so pure, whose life was so unselfish, whose character was so spotless. And where among them all is the man whose influence—social, moral, religious—was productive of such vast good and of so little evil, as that exerted by this plain man!"

So our days in London passed. And when our time to go had come, we felt that we had had but glimpses of the city, and that London was as yet to us an unknown quantity. But time pressed, and Scotland lay between us and our ship—Scotland with its song and story. So we bade adieu to the great city, and turned our faces to the north.

CHAPTER XII

COLLEGE AND CATHEDRAL TOWERS

It has been said that Shakespeare's plays are the best English history ever written. And the saying is not far from true, after all, for though the plays do not give dates and name individuals as the chronicles do, they reflect the character of the English people in its varied phases—without which quality no chronicle can rightly be called history. Romeo and Juliet represent the fire of the heart; Macbeth, the vaulting ambition; Richard the Third, the cruelty; King Lear, the scheming and sorrow; The Tempest, the high idealism, that have vitalized English chronicle in its long course. The plays are the history of the people epitomized.

In just as true a sense one may read in the college and cathedral towers of the Isle the history of the people, in its broad and most essential features. Take train from the English capital and travel north by easy stages. Stop where a great university, hoary with centuries but virile still, sits in quiet dignity beside the Cam, pause again where the towers of Ely find reflection in the placid Ouse or Lincoln proudly shoulders up its majestic cathedral or York is gathered under the shadow of its noble Minster—and you have seen the embodiment of the two great forces that have entered into the

life of the English people to make them one of the mightiest nations of the earth—learning and religion. Here is the story of this island folk lithographed in its larger lines, the story of consecrated purpose and noble ideal and long endurance and large sacrifice, the story of a nation's faith and hope.

As you pause in the shadow of these towers and look up at their lichen-covered walls marked by the tooth of time, you can but marvel how wisely and well this people builded in those turbulent ages when nation-building seemed so often to go by chance. An inspired writer has said that in the building of life faith and knowledge must be cemented together into the foundation walls. And history testifies that this is true also of a nation's life; the foundation must be of faith and knowledge; all other is vain. The French rejected faith, and proposed to build a nation on reason; but the structure toppled into the chaos of revolution in the same generation. Other nations have tried faith without knowledge, but the great cathedrals rising among a decadent people bear witness that this also is vain. England has ever pointed with equal pride to her schools and her churches.

It is noteworthy that her most ancient buildings are homes of learning and houses of worship. Her factories, her bourses, her banks are new. But her schools and churches are gray with age. Even while the battle for existence and integrity was raging in the formative centuries of her career, she

deemed it time to establish schools for her youth. So long, indeed, have there been universities upon the Thames and the Cam that accredited chronicle runneth not to the contrary. They have stood like beacon lights shining through the gloom of centuries. They were there when John Lackland signed Magna Charta on Runnymede—some say that Oxford dates from the days of Alfred. They endured the Hundred Years' War and again the war of the Roses. Dynasties succeeded each other on the throne, but the schools remained. Reformation and Commonwealth came and went, but the springs of learning never ceased to flow. Oxford and Cambridge have contributed their part to the making of the nation, and often where the sword has failed the pen of scholar and diplomat have won signal victories for the English people.

We tarried a few hours at Cambridge, visiting the spots made famous by her sons, and walking under her stately elms. It is something to tarry there even for a single hour. When Napoleon wished to inspire his soldiers to valorous deeds on the hot sands of Egypt, he pointed to the pyramids, and said, "Soldiers, forty centuries look down upon you." And men have ever been inspired to nobler acts by the memory of a worthy past. Such inspiration must come to English youth who gather for a season in the historic halls of Cambridge. As they look up at her ivy-mantled towers, the long vista of her splendid history must open before them. And as they go about their daily tasks,

surely they must be consciously "compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses." From a single one of her score of colleges have come such men as Newton, Bacon, Dryden, Macaulay, Byron, Thackeray, Tennyson; while another boasts the names of Philip Sidney and Darwin and Milton.

The university consists of a number of colleges grouped together in one section of the town. The architecture of some is beautiful, of others extremely simple; but the ivy lends grace and beauty to all. The courts are exquisite gardens of grass and flowers. Behind the colleges flows the river Cam, through banks of velvet sod, its waters shaded by ancient trees. Beyond the river the grounds of the several colleges stretch away beneath the branches of noble oak and elm, the shaded sward flecked with light where the sun strikes in between the trees—an idyllic setting for a seat of learning.

After Cambridge, as one travels north, come some of England's most famous cathedrals, Ely and Peterboro and Lincoln and York and Durham. The traveler who is interested in English life can not afford to pass them by. As you look upon one of these ancient consecrated piles or pass in through the portals to its pillared nave, the first lesson it should teach is one in English history, the fundamental truth of England's life—that ever since St. Augustine came to bring to this sea-girt isle the glad news of the gospel some thirteen centuries ago, the English people have been religious and have taken their religion seriously. Most of the spots on

which the cathedrals stand were consecrated to the service of religion in those dim days unlit by accepted history. And through the ages since, the spots have been kept sacred to that service. Storms may have swept away the edifice, flames may have devoured it, enemies may have sacked and wrecked it, time may have pulled it down, but always the church rose again in due season, like the phoenix, out of its ashes.

If you have an eye to see and a mind to read, you may trace the nation's story from age to age as it stands written there in large dim lines in the great stone books. To be sure the lines that were traced in the troublous Saxon days, when the tide of conquest surged back and forth so fiercely in the island realm, have been blotted out till naught remains of that time but the rude foundation walls deep buried beneath the earth—foundations of churches that first stood upon these sites. But in the very walls of the churches of to-day you may see the handiwork of the Norman who came over with the Conqueror in 1066. Here and there in the most ancient parts of the building you come upon the remains of this work, circular arches, low but strong and sturdy—much like those hardy men who built them—and stout columns to correspond. And above these the work of their successors, pointed arches, more airy and aspiring. And then the later styles, lying one upon another in the pile, like the time-worn leaves of some manuscript whose pages had been inscribed by successive writers, each in a

handwriting all his own. The cathedrals stand up out of the past, like the Druid monuments of Stonehenge, to witness to the unfailing spirit of religion in the English people.

And what real devotion these churches represent! There are a score of cathedrals in England, all built, practically as they now appear, from two to five centuries ago—before the era of millionaires. And yet they eclipse in size and costliness of structure anything that has been done in the way of church building to-day. There is not a church of the New World, for all our boasted wealth and liberality, that will favorably compare with any one of the old English cathedrals. Their architecture is of the noblest, their workmanship of the best. No expense of time or talent was too dear for the builders of these ancient shrines. Some idea of this devotion may be gotten when it is remembered that for fifteen years Edward the Confessor gave one tenth of the national income to the building of Westminster Abbey. What sacrifice the building of these great churches throughout the land must have demanded at the hands of the people. But the sacrifice was made, and the cathedrals stand to-day as a witness.

The youngest of the great English cathedrals we had already visited, St. Paul's, the soul of London. And yet it is not so young, after all, for it dates from the Great Fire of 1666, when its predecessor was burned. It is the fifth largest church in Christendom, being surpassed by St. Peter's, and

the cathedrals of Florence, Milan, and Seville. But the effect of its proportions is lost upon the spectator. Like St. Peter's, it is so hedged in by other buildings that a near view of the whole is impossible, and from a distance only the dome is seen rising above the sky line of the city. Business houses have intruded under the very eaves of the noble building, as if the mercenary world begrudged the church its plot of precious ground. You must see St. Paul's in sections, and then piece together the sections as best you can—always to the detriment of Sir Christopher's conception. One could wish that the great church might have crowned some eminence from which it could be seen in its grandeur. But the plot of ground down in the heart of the old city had been too long a consecrated spot to be given over when the great fire gave Wren his chance of immortality. Since the days of Roman occupation there had been a house of worship there. Ethelbert had restored it after the Saxon storm. And through the centuries churches had succeeded each other. Here Wycliffe had been cited for heresy, and Tyndale's New Testament had been burned by over-zealous defenders of the faith. No choice of site remained for the builders. But though St. Paul's sits among the roofs of London, it maintains its noble bearing, like a bishop among the pews.

From St. Paul's to Ely is a far call in history, but only a few hours ride by rail. The little town

sits quietly beside the river Ouse, much the same as it has been these five hundred years; for even the bold and revolutionary railroad pays its respects at a distance and passes by on the outskirts of the town. You alight in the suburbs and take foot, if you are a good tourist, along the broad way that rambles into the sleepy town. But scarcely have you alighted when your eye falls upon the one and sufficient monument of Ely—the cathedral. And how different in situation from St. Paul's! There the cathedral struggles against obscuration in a great city. Here it dominates a little village. Ely cathedral crowns a gently sloping hill, the town gathered about it, like a brood under the wings of a mother. The lack of proportion between church and town impresses the visitor, and he wonders how it came about that so splendid a pile of architecture was reared in so insignificant a place. The explanation comes when he remembers that a cathedral is not representative of the town in which it is located, but is the capitol, so to speak, of the diocese. It is primarily the place where the bishop has his chair or cathedra, and is representative of the whole episcopal see. It may therefore be situated in a great city or a small town, according to circumstance.

But Ely is not so insignificant as it seems to the eye. It has played no inconspicuous part in the story of the English people. Let us think of it as it appeared in those early centuries when the fens which stretch away from it to-day in level

meadows were treacherous marshes cut by broad lagoons, and when the cathedral stood upon "the isle of Ely." Those were the days of Saxon decline and Norman ascendancy, and in the last days of that unequal struggle the fens became the refuge of Saxon bands. From here they sallied forth upon occasion to make fitful stand against the advancing foe. And here upon the isle of Ely, Hereward, "Last of the English," took refuge with his followers and defied the Norman, till William appeared in person, and driving a causeway across the fens made himself at last undisputed master of the land. And after that the name of Ely appears more than once in the annals of the land, her bishops stepping forth from their cloistered mews to take a hand in temporal things, for in those tempestuous times the shepherd's crook full often gave place to the sword in the hand of the mitred priest. It was to Cox, bishop of this same Ely, that Elizabeth sent the brief but significant message: "Proud Prelate,—You know what you were before I made you what you are; if you do not immediately comply with my request, by God I will unfrock you." And a century after this event Cromwell, as Carlyle records it, appeared in the cathedral "with a rabble at his heels," shouting out to the preacher at the sacred desk, "leave off your fooling and come down, sir." Great have been the vicissitudes of the ancient fane. War has often knocked rudely at its door. The fields about it have been dyed by turns with Protestant and

Catholic blood. Its very architecture is significant of strife, for its towers suggest armed battlements rather than peaceful shrines—and as if to accentuate this suggestion there stands an ancient cannon upon the green, its mouth directed toward these towers. Pass round it to the south, and you come upon all that remains of Ely's cloisters, a few crumbling ruins that speak as eloquently of an age of strife as do the tooth-marked bones of the fossil dinosaur.

But the waters have long since receded from the fens, and left them fertile meadows; and the tumult of war has died out, let us hope forever, from the towers of Ely. Certainly no scene is more peaceful or soothing to the traveler's eye than this ancient church rising out of its ample Close, surrounded by a green sward set with stately trees, and round about, a quiet village melting away into the dreamy fields.

Coming up the main street, we found ourselves at the west end of the cathedral under the battlemented towers. The sun was well past the meridian, beginning to drop down across the meads, and day clouds trailed their shadows slowly across the scene. Light and shadow followed each other upon the face of the ancient church, bringing out in varying shades the details of its noble front, and tracing in softened lines its wealth of sculptured stone. Swallows circled about the battlements. A shopman stood in his door at the corner of the Close. A few figures loitered along the farther

streets. No other sign of life about the place, except the group of tourists who stood before the cathedral. We passed in under the towers through the Galilee porch—so named because it is farthest from the altar, as Galilee was from the altar on Mt. Zion—and stood within the cool shadows of the interior. It was like passing from an August noon to the twilight of an autumn day, so subdued had the light and warmth become under the influence of the mighty pile. Before us, when our eyes had become adjusted to the change, stretched the great church, nave and pillared aisle, transept and sculptured choir—a mighty prostrate cross, at whose feet we stood. Far away under the central tower a group of chairs were huddled together, and as we passed up the nave we discovered a sexton at work in one of the side aisles. Coming to where transept joins nave and choir, we were beneath Alan of Walsingham's octagonal tower, "the only Gothic dome in existence," says Ferguson in his History of Architecture. It rises majestically from its eight massive supporting pillars, crowned with a "lantern" through whose windows the light is sifted down into the shadows of the church—a fit centerpiece for so grand a pile. As we looked up, a captive bird flitted about the inner lantern, so high that we took it at first for a butterfly.

Having paid our respects to this shrine with what deliberateness time allowed, we took up our journey again. Three hours' run brought us to Lincoln, one of the oldest cities of England, a town of some

sixty thousand souls, not unacquainted with the hum of machinery and the smoke of factory—a bustling, up-to-date town, for all its antiquity. The railway runs here boldly into the town, amid a maze of tracks and a confusion of laboring machinery. We arrived as the night was gathering, and when we had found hostelry, sauntered out to see something of the town in silhouette. The streets are steep, running up and down the precipitous sides of the hill on which Lincoln is built. Passing up the principal thoroughfare, we came shortly to the cathedral—indeed, one has only to keep going up hill, and he is sure to come to the church at last, for it crowns the hilltop, and every incline ends before its doors. Our first view of Lincoln Cathedral therefore, was under the stars. The great church stood up against the background of night like a huge spectre, its roof and towers outlined against the sky, its windows dark and its aisles as silent as death. Below it on the slopes of the hill the lights of the city sparkled, and the quick ear might catch noises of the street rising through the stillness of the night. The great church seemed to brood like a solemn spirit over the town.

Next morning we visited the cathedral again to admire it more in detail. It is said to be the finest church in England, taking it altogether, though it is not the largest. It measures four hundred and eighty feet in length and a scant half that reach across the transept. If you approach by way of the Exchequer Gate, you find yourself suddenly upon

the open space before the cathedral door, with the broad facade rising like a high decorated wall before you. The first appearance is entirely misleading, for the facade is broader than the body of the church, so much broader that on comparison it seems almost a sham front—and Lincoln Cathedral is surely noble enough to dispense with masks. However, it is of great beauty in itself, and its mixture of Norman and English styles gives it peculiar interest in the eye of the architect. But the tourist fain leaves to others the pleasure of dissecting the old cathedral joint by joint, and is content to enjoy it for an hour in the varied expression of its larger detail and in its entirety.

Lincoln Cathedral has a long story. And surely no apology need be offered here to the reader of these pages for frequent reference to the past. In these old lands it is so much larger than the present that one finds more freedom wandering there; and moreover, as Dr. Johnson says, "Whatever withdraws us from the power of our senses, whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings." The first church to occupy this site was erected by Remegius, the old Norman bishop, about 1075; and though it was injured by fire and wrecked by earthquake in the following century, vestiges of this first structure are yet to be seen incorporated in the present facade. When you have feasted your eyes enough on this great stone screen, you may pass in through any one of the

three great Norman doorways, under the square towers that reach far above the facade, down the nave that stretches in long perspective beneath shadowy vaults, till you stand in the center of the church, under the square tower that rises in the place where a dome would be. Turning your eye toward the south, you look up to where the rose-window called "The Bishop's Eye" fills all the transept gable, letting in the light through its soft stained glass as it has done these six hundred years; across in the northern transept "The Dean's Eye" looks down upon you with mild benevolence.

What memories lurk about the place! Here wrought and died the good St. Hugh of Lincoln, and here for a season was the abiding place of him who is known to history as Cardinal Wolsey. In the Close, when you have passed round the east end of the church, is a bronze statue of the poet Tennyson, a son of Lincolnshire, his faithful dog beside him, and in his hand a flower from "the crannied wall."

We should have been glad to linger about the spot, but time urged us, and we took up our wandering once more. A pause was made at York to pay a hurried visit to its Minster—no cathedral of England is more deserving of deliberate study. But the call of Scotland was in our ears, and we were impatient to be among its hills.

CHAPTER XIII

THE LAND OF PURPLE HEATHER

Little wonder we Americans know more about other lands than we do about our own. Think of England and Scotland, with all their wealth of scenery, history, and legend brought within the compass of a single month's inexpensive travel, with an ocean voyage thrown in at either end, and you will understand how it is we go over seas to do our sight-seeing. Who would drag across a continent to find in half a dozen States what he can find in a nut-shell at the other end of a delightful ocean voyage? Dr. Hale has somewhere excused such delinquencies of patriotism by saying that "in America, wherever I go, the railroads make me pay so much, and the hotels make me pay so much, and the steamboats, that just as I am ready for my grand tour in America, some one says to me, 'Take a second-class ticket with me for Hamburg'; and I do, and we travel in Bohemia instead of going to Tacoma."

How short distances are upon the Isles, and how full of interest. England is smaller than North Carolina, and Scotland less by a thousand square miles than South Carolina. You may breakfast in London and sup in Edinburgh if you have a mind to. But who would want to do that? Certainly we did not. We stopped off at Cambridge. We tar-

ried at Ely. We saw Lincoln by day and night. We paused by the way to see York Minster, looking down upon the town, and its river Ouse slipping toward the sea. There are two rivers of this name in England, the other running past Ely—nothing like travel for learning geography. Every square mile of this country has made its contribution to history. Suddenly in the conversation of the coach or on the trainman's lips you come upon names that carry you back to the schooldays of yore. And more specially does this seem true as you approach the border—that land which, taken in all its history, is little less than one intermittent battlefield. For here among the Cheviot Hills was a "Mason and Dixon line" over which blood flowed freely for four hundred stormy years. Halidon Hill and Flodden Field and Solway Moss—here they are, the bloody steps of Scotland's slow decline. What tragic stories hang upon these names, stories of defeat and despair for that people of the north in their struggle for national integrity. How many bones of noble knights and no less noble yeomen are mouldering beneath the sod of this borderland! But its billowing hills lie fair and peaceful beneath the sun now that the last echoes of strife have died away.

We left York early one afternoon, passed Durham with its cathedral and ancient castle standing up against the sky, changed cars at Newcastle—where you may see one of Stephenson's first engines preserved as a curio in the great railway station—and set out for Scotland. Skirting the Tyne we turned

north at Hexham—the same at which the star of poor Henry the Sixth and his brave wife Margaret set in the smoke of battle now more than four hundred years ago—and headed across the rolling country of Northumberland for the Cheviot Hills. The land was lovely to look upon as the mellow sunlight of late afternoon fell over it, and we were lost in landscape reverie, when the trainman suddenly called out "Wall." The name roused us and sent us sinking once again into volumes of forgotten lore; for across country here ran the great wall which the Romans built from Solway Firth on the one coast to the mouth of the Tyne on the other, in vain endeavor to stay the tide of savage Picts who poured down from the Highlands. Now Romans, Picts, and the wall alike are gone, save in name only.

At Newcastle some Scotchmen entered our carriage—as the English call a railway car—and were able to tell us many things about the country through which we ran. One of them, a canny old man of three score years and more, declared that he had been traveling this way since before the railroad came, and knew every acre of the land. He could tell you who owned and who farmed these hills—for you must remember as you travel through the Isles, that the landlord and the farmer are rarely one. He saluted the men at every station as personal friends, and spoke of the lands and their tenants as a patriarch might of his clan. But men in this little land may well come to know each other in the space of sixty years. Our fellow-traveler was a

grazer on his way to the Cheviot Hills to attend the great lamb sales which are held here every year at this season. His brogue was of the richest—it did you good to hear him say "doon to Haik," meaning "down to Hawick." And he was just as eager to have us know the moment when we crossed the historic border as we were ourselves, tracing the invisible line for us across the hills. He pointed out one of the residences of the Duke of Northumberland as we passed through the estates of this great landlord, and was quick to magnify the qualities of "his Grace."

As we ran through the rolling country that billows away to the north in a crescendo of still waves, the landscape changed from green to purple. We had reached the land of purple heather, and the hills were robed in royal color from crown to foot. These hills form one of the world's famous pastures, and on their slopes the Cheviot sheep are bred. The forest has long since disappeared from flank and summit, giving place to the heather, which has climbed sturdily up over the bald crown of every hill, thus lending a softness to the landscape without destroying the boldness of a single outline. There is a rare mingling of the stern and gentle in these heather-covered hills. "These gray hills and all this wild border country have beauties peculiar to themselves," said Walter Scott one day to Washington Irving as they walked among the hills. "I like the very nakedness of the land; it has something bold, and stern, and solitary about it. When

I have been for some time in the rich scenery about Edinburgh, which is like ornamented garden land, I begin to wish myself back again among my own honest gray hills; and if I did not see the heather at least once a year, *I think I should die.*"

The heather is a little evergreen shrub usually less than a foot in height, which grows in clusters with foliage much like the *arbor vitae.* Imagine this landscape of somber, unbroken green veiled by mists and shadowed by the low-hung leaden sky which is so common to the north country, and you shall have a picture of the "gray hills, bold, and stern, and solitary," which the great minstrel of the border loved so well. But when late summer has come and the heather has burst into blossom, the hills don for a season a covering of gorgeous purple. Then Scotland becomes in verity the land of purple heather. There is also a white heather, a sort of albino among the plants, as rare as the four-leaf clover, worn by the native as an amulet. One of our fellow-travelers had a sprig of it on his coat; and when we expressed interest in it, kindly gave us the sprig. It rests now under glass with a picture of Louis Stevenson as a memento of the land he loved.

One must agree with Scott that the hills of the border are solitary, even at their best. They are too rock-ribbed and rugged for the plow. Rarely do you see a spot where "the stubborn glebe" has been broken. Scattered flocks feed on the hillsides here and there, watched by solitary shepherds. Stone

cottages hide under the lee of the hills. For the rest, the landscape is as wild and untenanted as the poet could desire. As our train rushed along we saw heath fowl rise time after time and sail away to cover on easy wing. Now and then a hare scurried off through the grass and turned to watch us from safe distance. A great hawk was scouring one of the hillsides in search of quarry. The feathered game is reserved for the landlord's pleasure. A man may have tenanted a farm long enough to rear a family on it, but he may not shoot a single one of the grouse and quail that fly about his fields. And as the landlord rarely comes, the birds are remarkably tame. It looked to us as if shooting grouse on the Scotch moor would be as easy as killing guineas in the house field. And yet we saw two hunters returning across the hills with light bags.

As the day was dying in the west we ran in under the shadow of the Eildon Hills, and came to Melrose. No better place for the traveler first to set foot on Scotch soil, for no other place is more steeped in all that makes Scotland charming. A few minutes' walk through the winding streets of the little town brought us to the King's Arms Hotel, where we found warm welcome at the hands of the jovial keeper of the inn. All there is of Melrose is its Abbey. And who has not heard of that? Certainly no one who loves the poetry of Walter Scott. And those who have read "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" will remember these well-known lines, descriptive of the abbey:

"The moon on the east oriel shone
Through slender shafts of shapely stone,
By foliaged tracery combined;
Thou wouldst have thought some fairy's hand
'Twixt poplars straight the ozier wand
In many a freakish knot had twined;
Then framed a spell when the work was done,
And changed the willow wreaths to stone."

We had looked forward to seeing the famous ruins first under the magic of moonlight, but with our arrival the clouds lowered and the rain began to fall. There was no help for it. Good Johnny Bower, the quondam keeper of the ruins and protege of Scott, was long since gone, and with him the tallow candle on a pole with which he was wont to show his visitors through the ruins on moonless nights, to his own great satisfaction, declaring, "It does na light up a' the Abbey at aince, to be sure, but then you can shift it about and show the auld ruin bit by bit, whiles the moon only shines on one side." Johnny had followed his great master these many years, so we had to content ourselves as best we might in the hotel, with the Abbey cloaked in Stygian darkness around the corner. But the morning more than redeemed the night. The rain was gone, and broken clouds scurried before the wind. The sun, following the horizon in this high latitude, was struggling with the mists, through which his light sifted down like a luminous gossamer. Under such promise of the skies we set out to see the Abbey. Turning an angle of the street we came in view of "the finest ruin in Scotland," the mists of

the morning just lifted from off its gable roofs. The mellow lights and shadows of the shifting day followed each other over the ruin, like the play of a gentle smile on a withered face. The Abbey, built of pinkish stone from the Eildon Hills, has grown gray with the touch of time, and the rich traceries of lichen emulate to-day on its walls the intricate designs which monkish chisel wrought there so many centuries ago. The roof is mostly gone, the walls are broken down, the windows are open to the flight of birds, only a skeleton of the famous Abbey remains. But enough is preserved of outline and detail to give suggestion of what was there at first. Few ruins are so rich in sculptured ornament as Melrose Abbey. The broken walls still retain exquisite gems in stone, capitals and arches and frieze—the rose, the kale, the cross, the thistle succeeding one another in endless original design. On the capital of one of the transept pillars was a perfect kale leaf in stone, and at the foot of the pillar a leaf of the kale fresh plucked from the field and set in a vase of water.

"Spreading herbs, and flowrets bright,
Glisten'd with the dew of night;
Nor herb, nor flowret, glisten'd there,
But was carved in the cloister-arches as fair."

The greensward of the Abbey yard stretches around the ruin—an emerald field set with a shattered opal.

The Abbey, like all historic buildings of the land, has a checkered story. It was founded by David II

in 1136; ruined by Edward II, of England, in 1322; restored by Robert Bruce; burned by Richard II in 1385; damaged again by the English in 1525; and finally laid in ruins about the time of the Commonwealth. How fierce the religious hatred of those centuries must have been, when even so fair and stately an edifice was torn down because it had served as shelter to a conquered enemy. But it still holds sacred relics. Here rest the fierce Douglases, asleep in the bosom of that land whose soil was so often stained with their blood. Here lies Alexander "The Peaceful," who counted it enough to have wrested Magna Charta from the hands of the English King. And here, too, says tradition, is the grave of Michael Scott, the wizard, at whose magic word the Eildon Hills were rent asunder—and what fitter place could tradition choose for sepulchre of this Merlin of the north than the shadowy, spirit-haunted Abbey? And in the apse, under the oriel window, is buried the heart of Robert Bruce. A sprig of purple heather is kept fresh upon the spot. So the ancient Abbey gathers in its palsied arms the history, the poetry, the legend of the border; and through the gateway of its arches the traveler may most fittingly make his entry into the land of strife and song and story.

After our visit to the Abbey we drove out to Abbotsford, the last home of Walter Scott, two miles from Melrose. The way led over leas where the cattle were grazing and through fields from which

the harvest had just been gathered. A flock of ravens circled over the shocks of grain and settled to their feeding ground. A skylark poured out his libation of song from among the clouds. Two workmen were pruning a hedge along the way. The broad road wound up the hills, shut in by hedgerows as smooth as a city street. We crossed a burn brim to its velvet banks with the recent rain, turned the crest of the hill beyond, passed into an open wood, and came to first view of Abbotsford—so christened by Sir Walter because through the shallows of the river here the abbots of Melrose were wont to drive their cattle from bank to bank.

It is an ideal site for a manor—and it was the poet's chief desire to be known as "the Laird of Abbotsford." Behind it the hills fall back in broken billows, wooded or heather-grown. Before it the Tweed slips "o'er stock and stone." Legend still clings to the countryside. It appealed to the poet; and from 1812 to 1826 it divided time with Edinburgh as the dwelling-place of Scotland's greatest writer—after which time and until his death in 1832 it claimed him wholly. It is a monument at once to his ambition and his financial ruin. About it will ever cling the tenderest associations. One loves to think of it as Washington Irving pictures it in its golden days, with the poet welcoming his guests to the boundless hospitality of its halls and enlivening the hours with scintillations of an inexhaustible humor, or walking among the neighboring hills which his fancy touched with romance, or work-

ing prodigiously in his library through the morning hours while the household slept. Here his great literary labors were accomplished. And here, when the financial storm had left him worse than penniless, he worked mightily and yet cheerfully until the twilight of life was come and the evening bell had marked the end of the long day's labor. What a noble life that was in honor of which we visit Abbotsford. Unpretentious in the days of prosperity. Undaunted in the days of adversity. "Adversity is to me at least a tonic and a bracer," he said when ruin had come. And in that spirit he took up his pen and set himself to discharge all obligations. "I will involve no friend, either rich or poor. My own right hand shall do it." And when his friends expressed doubt as to the results, "Time and I against any two," he said cheerily, and turned to his work. When incessant labor had exhausted the springs of life, and the shadows had begun to fall prematurely, they took him away to Italy. But a great longing seized him in that foreign land, and "Let us to Abbotsford," he said. Thither they brought him in obedience to his wish, and there, as the summer was ebbing out, he passed away. "It was a beautiful day, so warm that every window was wide open, and so perfectly still, that the sound, of all others most delicious to his ear, the gentle ripple of the Tweed over its pebbles, was distinctly audible as we knelt around the bed, and his eldest son kissed and closed his eyes." Such in brief was the life of "The Laird of Abbotsford." And the visitor to this shrine of

Scottish story should come to it not only as the home of a wonderful story-teller, but of a man gentle and courageous and indomitable and pure in heart.

It stands to-day as the poet left it, and the visitor is impressed with the evidences everywhere of Sir Walter's love of his native land. Every ornament of the house has a meaning and is touched with the history or the tradition of Scotland. The decorations are reproduced from Melrose Abbey. The armory contains Rob Roy's sword. There are souvenirs of Scottish kings, and a lock of Mary Stuart's hair. He loved his country and cherished its every memory. It was from his heart he wrote the famous lines:

> "Breathes there a man with soul so dead
> Who never to himself hath said,
> This is my own, my native land!"

The library contains many thousand volumes in Latin and French, as well as English. Here is the famous bust of the poet, and on the wall hangs a life-size painting of young Sir Walter. The room where the author worked opens out of the library. It remains as he left it, the great armchair drawn up to the desk, the books at hand. In the exit hall is a case containing the last suit he ever wore, with his boots. The place remains in the hands of the family, and is now (1906) occupied by a great-granddaughter of the poet. But to the world the one occupant of Abbotsford will ever be "the wizard of

the north," and his spirit shall pervade for us the place which is so redolent of his memory.

From Abbotsford we drove across country seven miles to Dryburgh Abbey, where Scott and his family are buried. It was a lovely countryside through which we passed as our carriage wound down the valley of the Tweed. The way carried us again by the foot of the Eildon Hills, shining deep pink against the subdued sky of a cloudy day. We alighted some distance from the ruin, where a foot-bridge is thrown across the Tweed, in a wild and solitary spot—one is surprised to find such wildness in an old and populated land. On a wooded height beyond the river rises a huge figure of William Wallace, carved in native pink stone. The sight took us back to the days of youth when we lay under the shade of the trees and followed the old warrior with bated breath through the pages of "Scottish Chiefs." A walk of twenty minutes across the foot-bridge and under the trees brought us to the Abbey, and a shilling to the keeper gained us admission to the ruins.

Dryburgh is in even a more advanced stage of dilapidation than Melrose. Indeed, only a few sections of the walls are standing. As one looks upon the ruins of these ancient abbeys, faint vestiges of the old monastic system, it is as if, standing upon the deck of an ocean liner, he should sight across the waters the broken masts of some long-deserted derelict. Once the Abbey of Dryburgh played its part in the world's work. Once a brotherhood of monks

found home here, doing penance and counting their rosaries as the days passed by. The keeper will point out to you in the grass-grown foundations the library, the refectory, and the cells, where the long-perished monastic life was nourished. But storms have wrecked the ship and set it at the mercy of the elements, its occupants long since gone.

Numerous spreading yew-trees stand round about the vine-covered Abbey, some of them old enough to have looked upon it when it was animate with votaries. Withal, the ruin is picturesque enough, and it is not strange that Walter Scott should choose as his last resting-place this spot where romance and wild beauty garland the grave of Scotland's past with ivy and immortelles.

CHAPTER XIV

THE CITY OF THE SCOTS

Not as if there were only one city in Scotland, for as a matter of fact, when you come to count souls, there are several places that may easily be granted that rank. There is Dundee with its hundred and seventy thousand people. There is Aberdeen, no less important, sitting serenely where the waters of the German ocean beat upon the base of the Grampian Hills, as stable as the blocks of granite which it contributes to the commerce of the world. And then there is Glasgow by the mouth of the Clyde, with almost a million souls, after London the largest city in the kingdom and one of the most important of the world. These all are cities of Scotland. But when it comes to the life, the literature, and the legend of the Scottish people, there is but one city of the Scots—Edinburgh. For centuries she was the capital of the nation; and though the lawgiver has long since departed from her halls, she is still supreme in the hearts of the people.

And not only is she first in the hearts of her own people, but she has a charm for the stranger such as no other city of the north. Lying there under the bleak northern sky, beaten upon by blasts from the German ocean, ermine-mantled with snows from the Highlands, the sun stooping low upon her southern

horizon by day and the Great Bear swinging through the zenith by night,—"one of the vilest climates under heaven," says Louis Stevenson,—Edinburgh still draws the traveler with irresistible charm, for she can boast more romance and story and picturesqueness than any other city of the Isles. Even so prosaic a thing as a railroad terminal, with its noise and smoke and grime, is touched by the finger of poesy when it enters this modern Athens; and the traveler who would approach the city must enter through the Waverley or the Caledonian Station.

It was through the former we gained entrance to the capital of Caledonia, having prefaced our visit with Melrose and Abbotsford. And, indeed, one needs to preface a visit to Edinburgh with a good deal of Scotch history and literature if he would enter into the spirit of the famous city and understand the things it has to tell. We took cabs at the Waverley, and drove to Royal Circus, which is a beautiful circular park of the New Town, where Great King street expands its lungs to take in the breezes from the Firth of Forth. Our way lay along Princes street, one of the loveliest boulevards in the world. To the right of us business houses were lined up shoulder to shoulder by the curb, their windows kaleidoscopic with tartans of the clans. To the left lay Princes Street Gardens, a park nestling in the hollow of the hills, where flowers grow in profusion, and where the deeds of Scotland's sons are commemorated in stone. Here beside the great thoroughfare, in the heart of Midlothian, the people

have seen fit to testify their love of Walter Scott by rearing to him a monument, a beautiful Gothic pile, under the arches of which is a sitting figure of the novelist with his faithful dog beside him. Here, too, is a statue of David Livingstone, and one of John Wilson, known to literature under the mask of "Christopher North." Near him stands Allan Ramsay, the poet. Beyond the gardens rises the grim Castle of Edinburgh, lifted high above the city on its rock-ribbed cliff, from the flanks of which the sinuous streets of the Old Town slope away toward the Meadows or Arthur's Seat.

At Frederick street we turned north, crossed George street, where stand monuments to Prince Albert; Thomas Chalmers, the great preacher; William Pitt, the statesman; George IV, and Melville; and came to our stopping place. Here in the compass of two blocks you may see the homes of Sidney Smith, and Sir James Simpson (discoverer of chloroform), and "Christopher North," and Louis Stevenson, and Walter Scott. How rich the city is in traditions of famous men; and the end is not yet, as we shall see when we walk through the streets of the Old Town. Our hostess proved to be a relative and former playmate of Stevenson, and so over the teacups we had rare introduction to the life and legend of the charming city through the pleasant ways of reminiscence.

The most conspicuous landmark of the city, both topographically and historically, is the Castle. It lies over in the Old Town, a Gibraltar reduced. It

crowns a huge rock that rises sheer out of the surrounding plain some four hundred feet, practically unscalable except on one of its sides. Coming from Princes street, you pass along the Mound, which connects the New and the Old Town across the Gardens, leave the Bank of Scotland to your left, and hold your course up the steep incline that slopes to the ancient stronghold of the Scottish kings. Crossing the drawbridge and clearing the portcullis, you stand upon the parapet of the castle, overlooking the city and surrounding country. At your feet Edinburgh stretches over the low-lying hills. Through the edge of it flows the water of Leith like a ribbon. To the north, almost on the horizon, the Firth of Forth shimmers in the sun, running out to meet the sea. To the east rises Calton Hill, the Acropolis of this northern Athens, its monuments silhouetted against the sky; and beyond it a veil of mist where the Firth is wedded to the stormy ocean. Farther toward the south looms Arthur's Seat, a rugged eminence where tradition says the king and the knights of the Roundtable were wont to gather before brave Arthur passed into that "fair island valley of Avilion." To the south, in the far background, the Pentland Hills break away in purpling billows. Over you the frowning battlements of the citadel tower in a sort of grim silence.

When at last the chill north wind has driven you back from this splendid view—for the wind has an edge to it here even on summer days—you enter the ancient fortress. Its authentic history begins with

Malcolm III in the eleventh century. And from that time till James VI went to take the place of Queen Bess beside the Thames, it watched over the birth and destiny of Scotland's kings. And what a stormy destiny that was upon which the grim castle looked through successive generations one may gather from this brief chronicle: "Robert III, second of the Stuarts, died of a broken heart, caused by misfortune. James I, after spending most of his life in prison, was slain by the dagger of an assassin. James II was killed by the bursting of a cannon at Roxburgh. James III, while resisting the rebellion of his son and successor, fell a victim to a nameless murderer after his defeat at Sauchie Burn. James IV, the victorious Absalom, died on Flodden Field, whither he had led his army to disaster. James V died broken-hearted, mourning over the disgrace and repulse of his forces at Solway Moss. His daughter, Mary, expired on the scaffold." Such have been the sad tidings that have come to the ancient fortress anon as her kings came and went. The castled crag of Edinburgh has stood in the middle stream of Scottish story since those far-off inarticulate ages out of whose mists it has risen into the light of accredited history. More than once storms have swept bare the ancient rock, but always it was crowned again with a stronghold. The names of Malcolm and Donald and Bruce cling to it still with the tenacity of legend. It was the retreat of good Queen Margaret, mother of Scottish kings, and on its windswept parapet you may

see to-day the bleak stone chapel which bears her name. As the crag stands prominent in every view from the country round about, so the Castle of Edinburgh stands prominent in every view of Scotland's history.

But the tragic story has long since been acted out to its last scene, and you approach the Castle not as the citadel of Scotland's power, but as the mausoleum where are preserved that power's mouldering remains. Pass in through the tortuous way to the inner court. Climb up as best you can the narrow stair that leads to a low, ill-lighted room under the roof, and you are in the presence of all that is left of Scottish royalty. It is the crown room, where the regalia of Scotland are kept. In a glass case are exposed to view the ancient crown, with the sword of state and the royal sceptre. What a pathetic sight! these emblems of a vanished glory. Round about that modest diadem the storms have raged since first it graced the brow of Robert Bruce six hundred years ago. What schemes of state have been spun about it. What battles fought for its possession. What floods of human blood poured out on its account. It was a storm center through all the centuries till the union of Scotland and England in the person of James VI. But now 'tis all past, and the diadem which was long the coveted prize of nations lies upon the shore of history where the ebb-tide left it at last. For more than a hundred years this crown, which graced the brow of Mary Stuart and brought about her death, lay dust covered and

forgotten in a chest of this upper chamber, till the patriotic zeal of Walter Scott brought it to light once more.

Near by are the apartments of Mary Stuart, where as queen she spent much of her time, and where her son, James VI, first saw the light, in a little chamber which "would scarcely be occupied, save under protest, by a housemaid in our days." As she lay there with the innocent child at her breast and looked out upon Edinburgh town, little did she think that a day would come when the cannon of this same child would be planted in the streets of her capital city and trained upon her own castle walls. But such was ever the fate of the Stuarts.

Having made the round of the Castle—most of it is now occupied as barracks and so closed to visitors—you pass down the esplanade again to where it merges into the Lawnmarket and High street, running straight from the Castle to the palace of Holyrood at the other end of the city. This was in olden times the great artery of Edinburgh life. Indeed, Edinburgh may well be said to have grown up about this center. Let us think of this ancient way, not as it appears to the eye of the tourist, hedged in by tall reeky buildings, but as a broad crude road running down through broken fields from the stronghold to the forest, in whose leafy depth David I had built the Abbey of Holyrood when, according to story, he had been saved from the horns of a maddened stag by the intervention of a miraculous cross

upon this spot. Such was the nucleus around which Edinburgh grew—a castle and an abbey, the sword and the spirit—and these have been the moulding influences in her whole career.

As we pass down the Lawnmarket, the mind turns to these earlier times, and one likes to dream of the spirited days when pageant and royal procession were not uncommon here, for this way passed the rulers of the realm as they went to worship in the Abbey, and this way ambassadors passed to castle and court. What a sight High street must have presented that day when it was thronged with the multitude and every window of the tall buildings bulged with life—all turned out to welcome back their young Queen Mary from over the waters to her capital city. Many epoch-marking scenes High street has looked upon, as you will be reminded at almost every step. At its very entrance stands St. Giles' Church, the old cathedral where John Knox preached and from the pulpit of which he hurled philippics against what he took to be abuses and dangers of the age. From here he arraigned this same Queen Mary, and down this street he passed at her summons to give account before her majesty in the Palace of Holyrood for his words—the stern, uncompromising, unflinching Father of the Scotch Reformation. One can picture the old street pulsing with life that day as the crowd surged down to the Palace gates and stood through the livelong day with restless patience to hear the outcome of the great preacher's trial, ready to receive him when

he should have been vindicated, as in due time he was. Nor must one forget that other scene in this same street, when after John Knox had appeared for the last time in the church to which his life was given, the people hurried out to offer a silent benediction to the old man as he went through them bowed with years and cares to his home. That house you may see, standing out upon a corner of this street like a watch tower, overlooking the come and go of the people, as John Knox himself stood all those stormy years a watchman over the life of Edinburgh. Not far from St. Giles, in Parliament Square, you may see a simple stone let into the pavement, with these words inscribed upon it, "J. K. 1572," the letters almost worn away now by the constant passing of hoofs and wheels. It marks the resting place of John Knox, who was buried here in the shadow of his church when a cemetery occupied the ground.

Turning from the grave of the great Reformer, you pass under the shadow of the City Cross, a sort of secular pulpit raised here upon the edge of the public square, from which proclamations of the Crown were wont to be spread abroad—before the days of the morning paper. Just beyond, as you enter upon High street once more, is the figure of a heart worked into the cobblestones to mark the site of the old Tolbooth Prison. The prison itself, like the Bastille of Paris, has long since disappeared from the face of the earth and its very foundations have been leveled for the passing of the busy crowd.

The wind sweeps airily to-day over the spot where in years agone many a debtor and criminal lay in the darkness and squalor of dank prison cells. But in its day the Tolbooth must have furnished many an exciting scene in the life of High street, if one may depend upon the chroniclers—scenes which bring to us some meager comfort in this often lawless land of ours. For it appears that on one occasion when riot had broken out at a festival, a ringleader was arrested, thrown into the Tolbooth, and condemned to be hanged on the public square. Protests and petitions were in vain to save the culprit's neck, and the day of execution was come. Then it was the mob took the law in its own hand, and set out down High street, "and first they housed Alexander Guthrie and the provost and baillies in the said Alexander's writing booth, and syne came down again to the Cross and dang down the gibbet and brake it in pieces, and thereafter past to the Tolbooth which was then steekit: and when they could not apprehend the keys thereof they brought hammers and dang up the said Tolbooth door perforce, the provost, baillies, and others looking thereupon; and when the said door was broken up ane part of them passed in the same, and not only brought the said cordwainer forth of the said Tolbooth, but also all the remaining persons being thereintill: and this done they passed up the Hie gate." So they settled matters of law in those troublous days when Scotland was rent to the heart with religious dissension.

One may appropriately turn aside here from High

street to visit Greyfriars' Church, which lies hard by upon the crest of one of the Old Town hills—deserving attention not so much on account of the church itself as of its cemetery, which is a sort of graveyard of the Reformation, a common memorial of the unquenchable zeal of that heroic age. Here lies the "bluidy Mackenzie" of Covenanter days. Here, too, are buried Ramsay the poet and Robertson the historian, as if to lend a gentle touch to the sternness of the place. On one of the flat tombstones the "Solemn Oath of the Covenant" was signed in 1638. Here forty years afterward twelve hundred soldiers taken at Bothwell Brig were kept five long months, "fed on bread and water, and guarded, life for life, by vigilant marksmen," till their doom should be fixed; many of them no doubt meeting their doom here among the graves. The dates on the stones run back through those terrible years of religious persecution when Claverhouse and his troopers hunted the Covenanters with tireless zeal. Down in one corner of the yard is a monument to the eighteen thousand souls who in that thirty years' struggle preferred death to recantation. And over them are inscribed these lines:

"Halt, passenger, take heed what you do see.
This tomb doth show for what some men did die.
Here lies the dust of those who stood
'Gainst perjury, resisting unto blood."

Such were the fierce and fearless men who have written Scotland's story; written it in blood—their

own or that of their fellows—but written it, let us believe, in all good conscience, believing that they were doing God service. These were the times when in the blood of martyrs was being sown the seed of the church; for in all after years the sturdiness of the Scotchman's faith and his zeal in things religious have been well-nigh a proverb.

Returning from Greyfriars, we pass on down the gentle slope of High street and Canongate toward Holyrood Palace. The tall gable roofs and overhanging stories mark this part of the city as belonging to a past age. Nor would the history of these now dark and grimy buildings be without its tragedy. This was once the heart of Edinburgh life—a sort of Fifth avenue in its day—about which was gathered the best society of the city. Over many a squalid door you may yet see the broken coat-of-arms which once marked it as the home of noble blood. Hither came Robert Burns, the young poet of Scotland, fresh from the Ayrshire hills, to be received as the darling of Edinburgh society. And it was in one of these homes that Walter Scott saw the Ayrshire poet, having been admitted along with other boys who were too young to join the company, "in order that they might see this wonder of the world." Afterward the boys of Canongate were to look upon the passing of this lame boy with more wonder than he ever looked upon Bobbie Burns, for the Wizard of the North loved to drive along this way when fame had come to him. Dr. Johnson and his Boswell were received here as guests. And

here the merry club of "Christopher North" and his literary co-laborers was wont to meet.

But that sparkling current of life has passed out of the streets of the Old Town, leaving in its channel only dregs and stagnant pools. "The Bedouins camp within Pharaoh's palace walls, and the old warship is given over to the rats." High street and Canongate are now the slums of Edinburgh. The sluggish current which moves along the street, eddies on either side into noxious pools where evil-smelling closes offer shelter to the denizens. You turn from the pavement into a low tunnel, at the farther end of which the sunlight is seen struggling feebly with the shadows. Pass through, and you are in a sort of cramped court paved with cobblestones and shut in on all sides by grimy, window-broken walls that almost touch the sky. The close is a kind of ventilator for surrounding tenements, down which the sunlight may find its way for an hour, and where those who look out of the windows may see above them a patch of God's over-arching blue. As we entered one of these closes, a woman stood in a doorway of the somber tunnel, her hair unkempt about a dissolute face, a dingy shawl thrown about her shoulders, her feet unshod—the embodiment of degradation. In the faint sunlight of the close four boys were pitching pennies for gain. The lower windows were black and broken, stuffed here and there with cast-off garments. From some of the upper ones wash was exposed to the sun. One of the youngsters, seeing us, offered to point out where the elder Glad-

stone and Robert Burns had dwelt for a season in this same close—when its fortunes were brighter. Thus too often does vice take up where virtue was wont to house.

Passing Canongate Church, where are buried Adam Smith and Dugald Stewart and Robert Fergusson, you are come at last to Holyrood. All that remains of the Abbey is a few crumbling walls. Upon the site was built Holyrood Palace. The Palace is known chiefly as the home of Mary Stuart, though other sovereigns have resided there, and its story is as tragic as that of the Queen of Scots. Her apartments are preserved here much as they were in her day, her bed with its drapery falling to pieces from age, her looking-glass, some chairs. Here the fair queen held court, and received ambassadors of other powers. Here John Knox withstood her till tears gave place to passionate words. In the vestibule to her audience room is the bloodstain where her infuriated husband slew Riccio before her very eyes, while she protested and threatened in vain.

But Holyrood, like so many another royal residence, has been deserted of royalty these many years, and has been turned into a museum. "The Palace of Holyrood has been left aside in the growth of Edinburgh," says Stevenson, "and stands gray and silent in a workman's quarter and among breweries and gas works. It is a house of many memories. Great people of yore, kings and queens, buffoons and grave ambassadors, played their stately

farce for centuries in Holyrood. Wars have been plotted, dancing has lasted deep into the night, murder has been done in its chambers. There Prince Charlie held his phantom levees, and in a very gallant manner represented a fallen dynasty for some hours. Now, all these things of clay are mingled with the dust, the king's crown itself is shown for sixpence to the vulgar; but the stone palace has outlived these changes."

And now finally, to get a last view of the City of the Scots, pass down from the Palace by Queen Mary's Bath, where tradition says she was wont to dip in white wine to preserve her loveliness, climb the steep slope that leads up to the High School, pass Burns's Monument sitting upon the hip of Calton Hill, clamber up the steps that are cut in the side of the crag, and you stand upon the Acropolis of this Athens of the North. Its summit is a broken park with rare trees scattered over sharply dipping sward. An unfinished monument of the battle of Waterloo crowns the hill, its columns outlined against the sky suggesting the hill of Athens. On one side of you is a tall monument to Nelson, more like a light-house shaft upon the rocky eminence than like a memorial stone. On the other side is a dignified monument to Dugald Stewart. Near by are the Royal Observatories, old and new. Beneath you lies the city. To the extreme left as you face the sunset rises Arthur's Seat, with Holyrood sleeping in its shadow. To the south the Old Town spreads its dingy sea of gable roofs. Far across the

city before you the dark bastions of the Castle are printed on the western sky. Directly in front of you the broad channel of Princes street divides the Old Town from the New, running away to the sunset like an arrowy river. To the northwest the New Town stretches over its hills sloping to the Water of Leith, and far beyond it the Forth Bridge lifts its giant girders above the tree-tops. North of you is the seaport of Leith, and away over its forest of masts is the misty ocean, on whose chill breath the gray fogs ride in. And while you wait, the chiming of church bells or the echo of signal gun from the Castle wafted across the gulf of air, testify to the union still of temporal and spiritual power in the City of the Scots.

CHAPTER XV

SCOTCH LANDS AND LETTERS

Traveling through Scotland is like turning the pages of her literature, so closely are her lands and letters woven together. In no other part of the world, except perhaps among the English lakes, have the wayside names been so embalmed in the pages of literature. Scarce a hill or hamlet here but is preserved in some imperishable line, and every furlong of the road serves to stir a memory. The lover of Scotch literature feels as if he had come into the realm of story realized; for here are the very "banks and braes o' bonny Doon," and the waters of "sweet Afton" flowing gently among the green braes. "Alloway's auld haunted kirk" still stands by the roadside down which Tam fled from the witches that weird night. You may yet look upon the scenes where "Highland Mary" lingered and the bonnie braes of Maxwelton where "Annie Laurie" gave her promise. The moon still dances on Monan's rill; the sun still kindles his beacon on Ben Voirlich's head; Ben Ledi's ridge yet rises against the sky, and the Brigg of Turk spans the Teith as it did that day when "the headmost horseman rode alone" across the page of an immortal poem; and the island where dwelt the Lady of the Lake is washed to-day by waters that flow down from the Highlands.

Lovers of story who have followed Rob Roy and Jeanie Deans and Meg Merrilies and Bonny Prince Charlie through the realms of romance, may follow them again through the streets of Edinburgh and among the braes and through the fastnesses of the Highlands.

The mountains and lakes, the hamlets and streams, the castles, even the flowers of the wayside, have been preserved for all time in the song and story of Scotland's writers—no figment of fabled names, but the broad land itself steeped in the all-preserving element of genius. And who shall do for our land what Scott and Burns have done for theirs? Who shall spread the magic garment of romance over our fair country? Who shall so touch the names of our wayside places, our rivers and streams, our hills and hamlets, as to make them household words in distant lands and among generations yet unborn? Who shall have such compelling power of the pen as that men shall journey across seas for the sake of these places?

As one moves upon the smooth-flowing measures of Scott and Burns, it seems as if the names were moulded to the metre; till one turns to the map and finds there these same names printed under the cold meridians, or comes upon them in the highways and byways of history. And our land is as rich in musical names, the liquid Indian names of mountain and stream, as Scotland. Scattered here and there in chronicle, or preserved by tradition, are inexhaustible materials for romance—deeds of daring,

passionate love, wild warfare in a wild country, acts of virtue and of vice, such as few countries have offered to the minstrel or the story-teller. But the pen which moulds these materials into permanent literature will have to be wielded by one who, like Scott and Burns, has been born of the soil and who has drunk in from his mother's breast the history and tradition of his native land; who loves its rocks and rills, its vales and templed hills; who knows its people, their virtues and vices, and has a deep and abiding sympathy with the folk. Such a writer must incarnate the life of our country in its varied history, and have the divine gift of expressing that life in its lights and shadows. When such a man shall come to any section he shall touch it with "a light that never was on sea or land." Then we shall have our Waverley novels, our Lady of the Lake, our Cotter's Saturday Night, our Ode to a Mountain Daisy. Then we shall have a literature that, whether it come from the North or the South, shall be American, even as the writings of Burns and Scott are English literature. As one of our own Southern authors has said of the ideal Southern writer: "He must be Southern and yet cosmopolitan; he must be intensely local in feeling, but utterly unprejudiced and unpartisan as to opinions, tradition, and sentiment. Whenever we have a genuine Southern literature, it will be American and cosmopolitan as well. Only let it be the work of genius, and it will take all sections by storm." Such must be the measure of the man, from any

section, who would take place in the rank of great writers.

But until he come to make famous the common places of our land, we fain travel to those places that have been more fortunate. So it came about that a company of Southerners found themselves in the heart of Scotland—come hither to visit the scenes they had known so well through the printed page.

It was early morning of an August day when we left Edinburgh for the Highlands by way of the Caledonian Railroad. Do not think, however, that we were going to see the land of "The Lady of the Lake" from a car window. The enterprising world has not gotten that far, as yet. You may climb the Alps by steam. You can rush through the Black Forest to the roar of the locomotive. You can view the Rhine from a dining-car as you run. But the sacred precincts of Loch Katrine have not been desecrated by the advent of a railroad—though Ruskin lamented that the steamboat had come to trail its foul banner of smoke across the romantic waters.

A few minutes' run from Edinburgh brought us to the famous Forth Bridge, which Eiffel, the builder of the Paris tower, pronounced to be the greatest construction of the world. It spans the Firth of Forth ten miles above the city, its total length being more than a mile and a half, its two main spans each seventeen hundred feet, or a hundred feet longer than that of Brooklyn Bridge. It

was seven years in building, and cost fifteen million dollars. Its towers are three hundred and sixty feet high, and the metal in it weighs fifty thousand tons. So much for the cold facts which in this later day have come to bridge the gulf of romance. For about the stormy Firth legends hang as thick as the mists of an autumn morning. Here where the bridge now offers easy passage to the tourist was once the ferry which Queen Margaret established and maintained at expense of the state, that the citizens of her realm might have contact with each other despite the angry arm which old ocean threw between them. Here was the connecting link between "the kingdom of Fife" and the county of Perth to the north, and the broad lands to the south. This way Malcolm and Margaret were wont to pass from their royal house at Dunfermline to the Castle of Edinburgh—in the days when the Conqueror was fighting the Saxons in the south. And across this same ferry the body of the queen was borne back in secret from Edinburgh Castle to find burial in the Abbey of Dunfermline, when her husband was dead, and the troops of Donald Bane lay in siege at the gates of her capital. As the train draws across the great bridge, and one looks down upon the waters crawling far below, one can but think how far the world has moved forward in some things since those days.

Leaving the bridge and passing Dunfermline, we came shortly to Stirling with its castle frowning down upon it. Few places have witnessed the mak-

ing of more history than has this little town of twenty thousand souls. The castle has been occupied by both English and Scottish royalty, in defiance of each other. Two of Scotland's kings were born here—James II and James V. It was occupied by Robert Bruce after his famous victory at Bannockburn a few miles away. The Douglases were frequent visitors here in the days of their ascendency. From the Castle rock are visible the battlefield of Sauchieburn, Bannockburn, and Stirling.

From here we came to Aberfoyle, the terminus of the railway, and the beginning of a region more romantic than "the forest of Arden." For this is the realm on which the noble stag looked down

> "And pondered refuge from his toil,
> By far Lochard or Aberfoyle."

It was noon when we reached here, and the clouds which had been undecided all the morning, finally voted wet. It was a disappointment, for we had hoped to have fair skies for our trip through the Scotch lakes. But the good traveler, like the good sportsman, must learn to make the best of all weathers, and be cheerful under all skies. We recalled with some comfort the story of the traveler who on such an occasion asked the driver, "Does it always rain in Scotland?" and was answered by the canny native, "No, sir; sometimes it snows." It might have been worse—which concession lets in a ray of light upon the darkest scene.

At Aberfoyle there happened an incident which gives insight into the sturdy native character. Lunch over, and the rain continuing, we had the choice of putting up at the hostelry, getting drenched, or buying rain coats—for wraps had been shipped to Liverpool. We chose the last, and after some trouble found specimens of the desired article in a sort of general merchandise store such as one sees at the cross-roads. We asked the merchant if the coats would really turn water—the cheapness at which they were offered made us suspicious. Now, an American salesman would likely have assured a stranger that with such a coat he might dive to Davy Jones's locker without danger of wetting. Not so with this Scotchman. "They were made for that purpose," he said, "and I think they will; but I cannot say positively, as I have never tried them." As a matter of fact, they proved excellent coats in both Scotch and American weather.

Armed, or rather clothed, with our purchase, we mounted the tally-ho, and started across the hills for the Trossachs and the lakes beyond. The roads were steep but superb, and our four stout horses took us over the ground as fast as we cared to go through such scenery. The heather covered hill and valley, coming up to the very edge of the way, and on the braes the sheep were feeding in purple fields. As we proceeded, the clouds broke from time to time, letting the light through upon the landscape. To the left Ben Venue bathed his fur-

rowed brow in the low-hanging clouds, while his flank and foot melted away into purple billows. To our right, almost hidden among the hills, the misty mirror of Loch Vennachar reflected the lowering sky. And beyond the glen, when cloud rifts revealed it, "rose Ben Ledi's ridge in air." Only too often, as the roadway rose and fell with the undulating hills, we were disappointed of some expected view by the lowering clouds. But what was not revealed to the eye was made good by the imagination. And indeed we saw almost as much as might have been offered on a more favorable day, for the Scotch landscape is famous for the intensity of its detailed beauty rather than for its far reaches. Distances among the hills are short, and a day's drive behind a sturdy team will bring you within eye's reach of almost every celebrated spot of this poetic region. The whole lake country was made famous by one day's hunt in the poem; and Scott was very careful that his descriptions should tally with fact, often traveling the reputed distance to see whether it could be really accomplished. The pack and quarry could easily cover in one day's run every point from Monan's rill to "the deep Trossachs' wildest nook." Moreover, a clouded sky is not altogether unfavorable to seeing Scotch landscape to advantage. The hills even of the Highlands are comparatively low, and lowering clouds lend to them proportions which they would surely lose under the high-pitched vault of an Italian sky. The High-

lands would look mean under a heaven in whose airy spaces the snow-crowned Alps find ample room.

So we journeyed into the lake country under dampening but not altogether adverse conditions. Rolling down the sharp decline of an outlying hill, we came to the border of Loch Achray, a tiny lake lying like a link between Katrine and Vennachar. At the eastern end of this lakelet, spanning the stream that drains the loch, is the brigg of Turk, over which, according to Sir Walter, the hunter urged his faltering steed in pursuit of the straining quarry; and near by is the defile of the Trossachs, in which the gallant gray breathed his last. From Achray to Katrine is a few minutes' drive. The scenery, though not so wild as it was in the days of Scott, is still wild enough to be romantic. The sides of the hills are covered with birch and oak, under the branches of which imagination could easily picture "the antlered monarch of the waste" springing from his heathery couch at the mouthing of the pack.

When we had issued from the wood there lay before us a scene which may best be described by a master's pen:

> "One burnished sheet of living gold,
> Loch Katrine lay beneath him rolled,
> In all her length far winding lay,
> With promontory, creek and bay,
> And islands that, empurpled bright,
> Floated amid the livelier light,
> And mountains that like giants stand,
> To sentinel enchanted land."

Not far from the east end of the lake lies Ellen's Island, a mossy emerald in a field of broken blue. It was from the wooded shore of this island the Lady of the Lake set out in her shallop when she heard the winding of the horn. And when she saw the stranger emerge from the wood where she had looked to see her father,

> "The maid, alarmed, with hasty oar,
> Pushed her slight shallop from the shore,
> And when a space was gained between,
> Closer she drew her bosom's screen;
> (So forth the startled swan would swing,
> So turn to plume his ruffled wing.)"

We now took passage upon the little steamer *Sir Walter Scott,* rounded the enchanted isle, the waves from our steamer breaking upon its shore, and sailed up Loch Katrine. The famous lake is eight winding miles in length, a meager mile in width at best, and eighty fathoms in its deepest place. Its waters, clear from the Highlands, run to the sea by way of Achray, Vennachar, the Teith and Forth. And in these late prosaic days some of it runs through dark mains to quench the thirst of busy Glasgow, nearly forty miles away. As we passed up the lake the clouds veiled and revealed by turns the mountain tops, sweeping the heaving bosom of the water anon with a silver fringe of rain.

An hour brought us to Stronachlachar at the farther end of the lake, where we called the coach into service again for a five-mile drive to Invers-

naid on Loch Lomond. Our route lay along the braes above the valley of the Arklet. Cattle were pasturing in the meadows among the long lush grass. Shepherds turned to watch us while their sheep browsed in the heather. Loch Arklet lay asleep in its rock-ribbed cradle. Arklet water murmured among its banks or foamed over scattered boulders as it ran to join the waters of Loch Lomond, its own waters touched almost to amber where it ran through hidden beds of peat. Midway the pass a besom of rain swept the valley, leaving every sprig of heather hung with pearls. How fresh the landscape looked when the rain had passed, like a child just from its bath with its ringlets dripping. And the denizens of the land seemed to take the rain as a matter of course. The cattle kept to their grazing and the shepherds to their stands. It reminded one of an incident in the friendship of Scott and Washington Irving, which may best be told in the latter's words: "Two or three times in the course of our walk there were drizzling showers, which I supposed would put an end to our ramble, but my companion trudged on as unconcernedly as if it had been fine weather. At length I asked whether we had not better seek some shelter. 'True,' said Scott, 'I did not recollect that you were not accustomed to our Scottish mists. This is a lachrymose climate, evermore showering. We, however, are children of the mist, and must not mind a little whimpering of the clouds any

more than a man must mind the weeping of an hysterical wife. As you are not accustomed to be wet through, as a matter of course, in a morning's walk, we will bide a bit under the lee of this bank till the shower is over.'" And therewith they turned to the thicket, where under the protection of a single tartan they bide the passing of the shower.

So we came to Inversnaid in the wake of the rain, dampened in all except spirits—does one dare mention spirits in Scotland on such a snell day?—at least we heard one ruddy-faced native make mysterious mention to his comrade as we stood before the hotel. The scenery about Inversnaid is more rugged than that on Loch Katrine. Across the shimmering lake Ben Voirlich lifts his head into the sky. On his broad sides the sunshine and the shadows played at hide and seek as the breaking clouds scurried before the wind. Repeatedly his brow was veiled with mists, only to have the veil torn away by the unseen hands of the Harpies. Nearby is a waterfall where the Arklet leaps over a rocky ledge in its haste to join the play below.

> "This fall of water that doth make
> A murmur near the silent lake,"

as Wordsworth describes it in his tribute "To a Highland Girl at Inversneyde."

Taking boat at this poetic spot, we passed down the lake under the shadow of Ben Lomond, wound in and out among the green islands that dot the surface of the water, and came to Balloch, the southern

end of the lake, as the sun was shooting his level rays through cloud rifts low down the west. A short run brought us to Glasgow as the shades of evening settled over moor and highland.

CHAPTER XVI

THE ENGLISH LAKES

One would travel far to find two cities more completely up-to-date in all that makes for commercial life than Glasgow and Liverpool, the one the doorway to Scotland, the other the port of England. The tide of business surges into their docks from every quarter of the world. Their streets are thronged with bustling crowds. Black pennants of smoke float across their sky from countless factory stacks. Far into the night the noise of traffic roars like a mighty current along their thoroughfares. They are linked with every country through the tentacles of trade. Glasgow is as different from Edinburgh as morning is from evening. The one is in the full flush of youth, with the day before it. The other is touched with the soft afterglow of a day far spent, and moves serenely in the consciousness of deeds already done. Liverpool has the vim of London without that dignity which lends balance to the life of the latter city.

The distance between these two cities is just that between New York and Washington. But there all likeness ends. The two American cities are bound together by a country which is in keeping with themselves, a region thick set with commercial and manufacturing centers, and strewn with the

hideous output of an advertising age. The country which lies between Glasgow and Liverpool savors so little of modern life that it might well be hidden away in the retirement of some undisturbed land. It is almost as if one dropped suddenly out of the rush and roar of to-day into the peace and quiet of the ancient Vale of Tempe. For the traveler who passes from the Scotch city to the English port traverses those sections of either country that are most deeply steeped in the legend of classic literature. His way leads through Ayrshire, the country of the plow-man poet, by the birth place and burial place of Thomas Carlyle, and through the English lakes. And thanks to the good taste of the people, he is not insulted by advertisements of pickles and watches and whiskey, thrust upon his sight when he would enjoy the beauties of the scenery.

Our summer travels were happily to end with a trip through the most picturesque and classic region of English soil. Time forbade a stop in the land of Robert Burns. But surely no one except a confirmed globe-trotter would wish to exhaust the world in a single summer. Why, we always liked to leave about the old homestead some nook or dell unexplored, as a possible asylum in case the world became insufferably commonplace. So, in this case, we made a virtue of necessity, and rejoiced to think that if we should ever come this way again there would be some novelties left to sharpen the edge of interest. And Ayrshire remains to us a virgin land.

Having bought our last Scotch souvenirs, we

boarded a southern train in the late morning, and started for Wordsworth's land. The iron way has tapped many a place whose name is preserved in the amber of English letters. There is Mauchline, where Burns met "Highland Mary." And near by are

> "Ye banks, and braes, and streams around
> The castle o' Montgomery."

The echo of the locomotive reaches down into the quiet valley where flows the bonnie Doon. The railway passes along the valley of the Nith, on the banks of which Burns spent three years pretending to farm—

> "To thee, lov'd Nith, thy gladsome plains,
> Where late wi' careless thought I rang'd,
> Though press'd wi' care and sunk in woe,
> To thee I bring a heart unchanged."

On this river is Dumfries, where the poet spent the last saddening years of his storm-tossed life, and where he lies buried. Across the valley of Annan is Ecclefechan, where sleeps the great Scotchman, Carlyle.

Beside the border we passed Gretna Green, proverbial for its runaway marriages. From there to Keswick by way of Carlisle and Penrith was a matter of an hour or more, and we were in the famous region of the English lakes. Keswick is associated with some of the most brilliant names in English letters. Here upon the banks of the Greta as it flows to join the Derwentwater is the house made

famous by Coleridge and Southey. It was the home of the latter poet for thirty-five of his most productive years; and across its threshold that other poet-philosopher went in and out for many years. The following words from the pen of Coleridge may best serve to give a picture of the view: "In front we have a giant camp—an encamped army of tent-like mountains which, by an inverted arch, gives a view of another vale. On our right the lovely vale and the wedge-shaped lake of Bassenthwaite; and on our left Derwentwater and Lodore full in view; and the fantastic mountains of Borrowdale. Behind is the massy Skiddaw, smooth, green, high, with two chasms and a tent-like ridge in the larger."

Over these hills and by these waters the poets wandered side by side or each alone with his meditations. The names of Derwentwater and Skiddaw claim a place in English song, and what school-boy does not remember "how the water comes down at Lodore"? One can picture the hearty form of Southey against this background as he swung along the winding pathway at his "four-mile gait," taking his daily constitutional. To this shrine of letters came visitors from every corner of the English-speaking world. Among them that fiery young spirit Shelley, shooting athwart the calm sky of Keswick like a meteor from Mars; and the "Opium Eater," dreaming away his days under the fatal spell of the poppy plant, but kind and tender and deep in the springs of his affection. Thither, too,

came that other child of the muses, Wordsworth, trudging all the way from Grasmere "on his indefatigable legs," to pull the latchstring of Greta Hall, and spend a day in congenial company. What a fine picture it must have made, the stalwart form striding along the road of unbroken snow while the great hills looked silently on from under their ermine mantles.

The scenery of the Lake district is not sublime, when compared with that of Switzerland. The mountains are not great in height, Helvellyn, the highest, being little more than three thousand feet; nor are they rugged. They stoop with rounded shoulders under the weight of geologic ages; but their very age lends charm, for it has modified their angles into pleasant curves and made their flanks melt down gracefully to meet the vales. What the hills have lost from their summits has been piled at their feet in the slopes of verdant leas. And from their laps the lakes reflect in softened lines the faces of the hills. "These lakes and mountains give me a deep joy for which I suspect nothing else can compensate," said Southey, "and this is a feeling which time strengthens instead of weakening."

The changing sky lends variety to the landscape, as the clouds rise from beyond the mountains and set sail across the gulf of air, or "sunbeam-proof, hang like a roof, the mountains their columns be." "Such clouds," said Wordsworth, "cleaving to their stations, or lifting up suddenly their heads from behind rocky barriers, or hurrying out of sight with

speed of the sharpest edge, will often tempt an inhabitant to congratulate himself on belonging to a country of mists and clouds and storms, and make him think of the blank sky of Egypt, and the cerulean sky of Italy, as an unanimated and even a sad spectacle."

The road from Keswick to Grasmere runs through the heart of this picturesque region. After winding among the heather-covered hills for three miles, you turn the summit of the modest pass, a low saddle in the hills. Before you lies a long basin shut in all sides by serrate mountains, and in its lap the beautiful Thirlmere Lake, three miles long and as many furlongs across, its mirror surface reflecting the peak of Helvellyn. Stone fences hedge the road on either side, and sheep find pasture on the slopes. It is a land of wild pastures, where the soil is rarely disturbed by the plow. In one of the meadows an old man and a young woman were gathering a little harvest of hay, but no tillage was visible anywhere. The road winds slowly down the slopes toward the lake, and where it touches the shore you come upon Nagshead Inn, a roadside hostelry which owes whatever of fame it boasts to the passing of a poetic soul. Across the road is the tiny church where Wordsworth turned in to worship on occasion—though most of his worship was under the open sky. The lake furnishes water for the city of Manchester, ninety-six miles away.

Skirting Thirlmere Lake its entire length, and ascending the gentle slope of Dunmail Raise, you

come upon another panorama, even wider and more celebrated. To the east rises Rydal Fell, and beyond it Kirkstone Pass. To the south Coniston Old Man towers above the heads of the nearer peaks. To the west are the Cringle Crags and Langdale Pikes. Before you the little village of Grasmere nestles among its trees by the lake of like name. And just beyond are Rydal Mount and Rydal Water. As we passed down into this scenery the mountain shadows were creeping out across the valleys. A flock of truant sheep leaped over the low wall of their pasture one after another, and scurried away down the valley, pursued by a collie. A tally-ho party of tourists passed us, on the way to Keswick. Far down the road ahead of us a single carriage held its easy way. Peace brooded like a gentle spirit over the scene as the day drew on to its close.

Here no sound of the iron horse disturbs the quiet. Time has eddied among these hills, and in this retreat the past yet lives. The coach makes its trip to-day as it did when Wordsworth first journeyed thither more than a century ago, and draws up before the wayside hostelry with winding of the horn. The course of life moves on among the people here without apparent innovation, and one is half inclined to think they must stand with open-mouthed astonishment when the blaring automobile disturbs their happy solitude. The houses are subdued of color, and wear their age without decay. The harmony of the scene is unbroken.

Nor is there need of railway to bring this retired nook within the world's acquaintanceship. It sits serenely among its harboring mountains while we come to it according to its own archaic ways—and rejoice to come that way. For if there is one spot above all others where the traveler needs to linger, it is the Lake Country—no place here for the hustling locomotive. On every hill you need to pause, and in every dale. It is as if one walked through the rooms of a great house whose every ornament and feature were associated with famous inmates. So one must approach the Lake Country, for this whole region was the home of a group of men whose names went out from here to all the world. Here they lived, Wordsworth and Southey and Coleridge—lived among these hills and valleys and by these lakes. For half a century Wordsworth walked here, "and there is not in all that region a hillside walk or winding valley which has not heard him murmuring out his verses as they slowly rose from his heart." Nor is there a peak nor stream nor waterfall nor pool nor sloping sod in all that scene which has not been commemorated in the poet's verse. Perhaps there is not another region in all the world so completely identified with the life of a single man as this section is with Wordsworth. And when his life was done, they fittingly laid him to rest by the bank of the Rotha amid the scenes he had loved and celebrated.

What must it have meant to spend half a century of fertile life amid the same scenes, to see the sun

rise over the same hills year by year, to watch the clouds of succeeding seasons drift over the same crags, to hear the varied voice of the same brooks as they murmured through mossy banks or laughed in the boisterous revelry of summer torrent. He was born not far from here, in Cumberland by the sea. And with the exception of the years at Cambridge and short sojourns in London and on the Continent, his whole life was spent here in an area not larger than a county. He drank at the springs of learning when life was young. He tasted the life of a great city. He traveled in other lands for a season. And when the years of his apprenticeship were ended—the fruitful wander-years—he came back to the quiet country-side of his birth, and gave to it the gathered riches of a long life, so interpreting its beauties that these once unknown hills and valleys have become known to all the world. A splendid example to the youth of our own time who would seek fame in a great metropolis.

Nor is it only these poets whose names are linked with the English lakes. Thomas Arnold, the famous head-master of Rugby, made his home here for a season, as did Harriet Martineau. In the churchyard at Grasmere, hard by the grave of Wordsworth, is the resting-place of Hartley Coleridge, son of a greater father. Near it is a memorial to Arthur Hugh Clough, placed at the foot of his mother's grave—for he lies in the cemetery at Florence—with these words, "This remembrance in his own country is placed on his mother's grave by

those to whom life was made happy by his presence and his love." And over at Brantwood, in the shadow of Coniston Old Man, John Ruskin waited through the lingering twilight of his life and there lies at rest. Walter Scott and DeQuincey enriched the traditions of the place by their presence.

So here among these hills and by these lakes you may turn page after page of English letters as you linger on from Grasmere down past Nab Scar and Rydal Mount and Rydal Water and Ambleside to Windermere, where the railroad reaches out its arms to take you back again into the rush and hurly-burly of to-day.

CHAPTER XVII

WESTWARD HO!

What a long trail that was upon which we looked back from the steamer's deck at Liverpool—the winding way through city and country, along lake and stream, by burning mountain and frozen river, by verdant valley and snowy mountain-top. It was two months since we had taken up that trail at Naples. And what a wealth of experience had been crowded into those months. But now the journey lay in its full length behind us, the hardships of the way softened by the mellow light of memory—and our faces were set toward home. But between the Old and the New World there is a world peculiar to itself—the kingdom of Neptune. And its every phase is full of interest.

Have you ever watched an ocean liner put out to sea? It is always an event at the docks. No matter how many ships may come and go in the harbor, when the ocean greyhound slips her leash and turns her nose toward the deep, crowds throng the piers, even the stolid stevedore stops to wave a farewell to the goodly ship, and the little craft salute her *bon voyage* as she passes down among them on her way to distant shores. There is such grace and majesty about the movement of a great liner and such suggestion of power, that she has a compelling

influence, and men who have been accustomed all their lives to the come and go of vessels will stop to watch her pass.

It is not strange, therefore, that when we reached the dock the pier was black with people. There must have been a thousand spectators present, besides the passengers. When the steamer had taken her berth, the gangways were placed. Then for two hours there was a busy scene, as the passengers came aboard and the stevedores brought the luggage on. The cabin passengers all had to run the gauntlet of the health officer, who reserved the privilege of examining teeth, turning down eyelids, or inspecting scalps. This over, we had the right of way to our staterooms, and began to make ourselves at home for the voyage. When all was ready, the gong sounded along corridor and deck to warn visitors—for there are no way-stations on this trip where unwilling passengers may alight. Last farewells were given by those whom the ocean would soon divide, the gangways were removed, and the hawsers loosened. Then amid much blowing of whistle two tugs picked up huge hawsers that hung from stern and prow, and began pulling at them like fices. The hull of the *Oceanic* inched away from the pier, and we had left the shores of the Old World.

A fog settled over the harbor as we passed out, cutting off the distant view, and the supper gong called us below. Every place was filled that night—for the only time. Next morning found us

in the outer harbor of Queenstown, where we were to take on more passengers and some hundred tons of mail—all brought out to us on lighters. Though we stood some two miles from land, an Irish woman and her son came out to us in boats, and drove a brisk trade in silks, linens, and shawls while we waited. She was a true daughter of Erin, and kept the crowd in a roar with sallies of native wit. At noon we weighed anchor, and steered for the open sea, followed by a cloud of white gulls. In a few hours we had passed Fastnet Rock, the last land of the Old World, and from its lighthouse the message had slipped under the ocean to New York that we were on the high seas.

But we were not done with the Old World, for all we were over the horizon rim. That night notice was given out that communication had been established with Crookhaven. Now Crookhaven was hundreds of miles away on the coast of Ireland, and hourly slipping down the circle of the earth behind us as the knots slipped under our keel. Yet we sat there on board our ship and talked to friends in Europe with perfect ease, while the boisterous ocean surged between. We had heard of talking at random, but the Marconigram more nearly approaches that than anything we had ever seen. The only visible appointment is a double wire running from one mast-head to the other with two wires running from it to the operator's room. There he sits and ticks away, sending his message apparently to wander on the wings of the fickle wind. Yet it

goes unerring to its destination. When we had come over toward the Grand Banks, New Foundland was "picked up," and we began to talk with America. What qualms Marconi might have saved Columbus if he had only been born in time.

Our passage was a rough one, but pleasant withal. There were recreations to suit the taste. If you liked reading, there was a select library, representing the best American and English literature. If you preferred "My Lady Nicotine," there was the smoker where you might watch the curling wreaths to your heart's content, and besides have anything you wanted from the cellars of Bacchus. There were cards and checkers and chess and dominoes with which to while away the hours. If you loved music, there was a fine piano in the dining saloon—and the band played every evening. If you wanted to exercise your muscle, there were half a dozen deck games at your service. And then there were five meals a day, all told, at which you could kill a fair portion of ennui. Taken altogether, life on a liner is tolerable enough—if you are not seasick.

Much depends upon the personnel of the company, for on shipboard you either have to stay in your room, or mingle with the crowd. In that respect we were fortunate enough. The world's Baptist convention at London had called a goodly number of that faith across the waters, and some of them had shipped with us for return voyage. There were enough D. D.'s aboard to stock a seminary.

But you would never have guessed it. They were "jolly good fellows" of the finest sort. There were those who could sing college songs with a gusto that scarcely comported with gray locks, and could tell a story with a zest that made it fairly glow. There was a Methodist missionary returning home on vacation from ten years' service at Lucknow, having braved the perils of fanaticism and the terrors of the plague, a sturdy man who had lived long enough to be tolerant of the slow stepping of true progress. There was a sugar merchant going from Port Said to his home in Honolulu. And there were ladies who had seen the wide, wide world. Indeed, there are few portions of the charted globe that might not have been described by some one of that company as eye-witness. Thrown with such a crowd in the easy companionship of steamer life, one could not find the voyage monotonous. You touched the whole world through your fellow-passengers.

And when conversation lagged, it was glorious to curl up in a deck-chair, tuck yourself snugly into wraps, and spend an hour with some romancer or story-teller, while the old ship plowed the waves. It was so we met Hall Caine's "Prodigal Son." It was so we wandered with Bret Harte's "Outcasts of Poker Flat" and met once more "The Luck of Roaring Camp." Even the jokes of Artemus Ward lost some of their staleness when dashed with the salt spray. There is no place like a steamer's deck for getting close to the heart of a book. Nothing calls you from the reading, and there is just enough

noise to banish the oppressiveness of silence. There is always breeze enough and to spare, but if you get close up under the lee of the canvas wind-shield, you may laugh at the antics of Aeolus and his tribe. Whoever enjoys sitting on the sunny side of a hill when the winter wind is blowing out of the north will delight to sit on the lee side of a steamer deck in mid-ocean when Neptune is roused.

And we needed to seek the lee on our homeward voyage. Our outward voyage had been far down toward the tropics where summer breezes blow. But now we were up by Labrador under the breath of Boreas. Winter wraps were scarcely enough to ward off the cold, and the decks were often wet with rain or fog. Though we were on the highway of the seas, we hailed few ships, on account of the thick weather. One day in mid-ocean we sighted a tiny craft which in the distance looked hardly bigger than a butterfly. It proved to be an American yacht returning from the race for the Kaiser's cup. We veered from our course to ask if we could serve her. She answered that all was well, and that we might so report her at home.

Off the Banks of New Foundland we ran into a full-grown hurricane, which held us in its clutches six hours. The weather had been murky and squally all day, with the sun now and then faintly visible through thick clouds. Gusts of rain swept the deck without warning, and the fog rose and fell by turns on the face of the waters. It grew so dark at times that the ship had to blow her minute horn.

Ahead the sky got more ominous as the afternoon waned, and at four o'clock the storm struck us. The rain came in sheets, horizontal, till you could scarce see a cable's length. The good ship rolled and pitched so that even the sailors had to cling to the rails. Deck-chairs careered like frightened creatures as the vessel rolled from side to side. You could feel the ship rise and sink as she responded to the ocean swell, and it was like the swift rise and fall of an elevator. Some of the more hysterical passengers thought it was all up with us, and had to have the services of the doctor. A fair number of the less nervous ones remained above decks to watch the storm. It was an awful sight. The huge hull would careen under the impact of the wind until the deck was almost under water, and then right itself, only to repeat the performance. Keeping your feet was out of the question unless you had hold of something stable. The storm tossed at will that great vessel, which weighed seventeen thousand tons and measured seven hundred feet over all. At supper the dishes had to be anchored to the table—but supper went begging that night. We had planned to give a concert for the benefit of sailors' orphans and widows, but it did not come off at the scheduled time. One of the ladies suggested that praying would doubtless be more in place.

Night descended while the storm raged, and we turned in to be rocked in the cradle of the deep. Next morning all trace of the storm was gone. We

had run through to fair weather, and every hour brought us nearer home. Only those who have been away from home and country know what it means to stand upon the prow as the vessel pushes her nose through the waves, and watch for first sight of the far-off shore. No outlook at the mast-head of Columbus's caravel could have strained his eyes more eagerly than we did for sight of that shore. We watched the sun on the last day as he dropped behind a cloud bank of the horizon, and knew that he should set next for us behind our own loved mountain-tops. Then we gave the postponed concert, and at its close sang "My country, 'tis of thee."

Next morning at daybreak we passed in by Sandy Hook, and in due time came to rest in the outer harbor. That morning the sun was to go into eclipse. But the curtain did not rise upon the august scene—not for us. It only seemed as if twilight had been prolonged beyond its time. The scene was memorable, nevertheless. Our ship lay at rest on the waters. A veil of reeky mist hung over the harbor, and a leaden pall formed a low-hung sky. Through the gloom vessels could be seen stealing like spectres athwart our bows and stern; and out of the obscurity came that multitudinous noise of the harbor. The pilot boat came alongside, bringing us letters from home and news of the ending of war between Japan and Russia—for the very day before peace had been concluded by the envoys

at Portsmouth, and we read the "extras" proclaiming it.

So, after many days we were home again. Some one has said that the most pleasant part of travel is the home-coming. And he was not far from the truth. It is splendid to travel afar and to gather the riches of other lands. But it is even a finer thing to have a home and country to which one can come back with joyful heart. Pity the man who, when vacation is ended, does not come back to his work with new purpose. Pity the man who, when his season of travel is over, does not come back eager to take up the serious labors of life.

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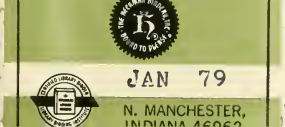
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